National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XIX. NO. 18. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858. WHOLE NO. 954.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

THE RETIREMENT OF MR. GIDDINGS.

HIS OWN SPEECH ON THE OCCASION.

[The Republican Convention in the Ashtabula District having nominated Mr. Hutchins as their candidate for the place which Mr. Giddings has filled for the last twenty years, the friends of the latter assembled to greet him in front of his lodgings, and were addressed by the "old man eloquent" as follows:]

MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: I sincerely rejoice to meet you here, and I assure you that I have never come before you under circumstances more pleasant and satisfactory to myself personally.

For thirty-six years I have been an active politician, but during all that time I never have attended a Congressional Nominating Convention until now, and should not at this time but for the purpose of consecrating my friend [Mr. Hutchins] to the high and holy work you have set before him. I know the pleasure he must feel in having received the expression of your confidence, and in taking at your hands the important trust of being your Representative, and in acting for you in the great work of National Reform. I fully sympathize with him in the gratification he must experience, for I have travelled the same road.

From 1822, for sixteen years the people of our District sustained my predecessor [Mr. Whittlesey]; and for twenty years I have received its approval. There are men in my county [Ashtabula] fifteen-seven years of age who have never voted for more than two men to serve them in Congress. I speak of my county, for the counties of Trumbull and Mahoning, by changes in the District, were separated from our District for ten years.

This stability of purpose is unparalleled in any free State, and in but one District of the slave States. It has rendered us historical, and gives us a position in the nation equal to that of the people of any other. What I have contributed to this is not for me to say; but I may remark that the great responsibility which has for twenty years borne me down, has often rendered my nights sleepless and my days anxious, is now in part rolled off. I feel the relief, and never have I addressed you with a lighter heart.

But this vast responsibility is now to rest on my friend, whom you have nominated. He is soon to bear aloft the Republican banner, and in the name of our constituency I charge him to see that it be not lowered, that it never trail in the dust.

A word as to myself. Having so long represented the District, I knew that I was in a peculiar position, and felt myself surrounded by some difficulties which could not but occasion me some perplexity in determining what I should do at this time. It is a new thing for me to attend a Nominating Convention; and I am here now because I have wished to show you the motives which have influenced me in consenting to enter this canvass.

Many friends urged me to decline being a candidate before you. I may be permitted to say to you, also, that many friends in the District, and from every quarter outside the District, wished me to continue in Congress; and they urged that I had no right to withdraw from the canvass, however much I might desire to do so. Men of distinction, from other States, whom I love, insisted that I had commenced the agitation in Congress of the great question whether the constitutional powers of the Federal Government shall be put forth and exerted for justice and liberty instead of slavery; that I had so long labored for it as to become identified with the cause; that my present influence was greater than at any former period; and that I had no right to decline. I assured them that I was not ambitious to die in Congress, but willing to do so if necessary for the good of the cause; that my own self-respect would not permit me to ask or strive for a nomination; that it was the duty of the people of the District to nominate such an individual as would most efficiently carry forward the great reformation now in progress, and I would leave the matter with them, silently submitting it to the people whose interests and honor were most concerned. I concurred with these friends that my position would not permit me to decline a nomination if tendered me, and I preferred avoiding responsibility in the matter, leaving that responsibility where it naturally belongs.

I wished to place myself thus on the record that I might be understood before and after the nomination. I desired to say to the slaveholders I did not voluntarily withdraw from the contest; but that the people selected a better and an abler man to aid in carrying forward the great subject which now absorbs the popular mind; that he, in the full tide of ambitious manhood, will lend greater energy to the cause than I can. Am I right?

In that feeling and object I heartily concur. In that selection I feel myself a thousand times more honored than I could have been by a refusal to be a candidate. I have no interest aside from this cause. I have no honor separated from that of our District and of mankind. With this cause I would stand or fall; and you having selected an agent who will lend it a more efficient support than I could, I shall feel more anxious to sustain him than to sustain myself.

I want to say to my friend [Mr. Hutchins] and to you that this fight is not yet ended. There are difficult passes to be taken, and hard contested fields yet to be won; and, from the position which the people of this District have occupied in the fight, the eye of the nation will be upon my successor. This District has occupied a higher position than any other in the land, and your acts and your representative's acts are marked. I would not presume to advise him; but were I to volunteer a single caution, I would charge him to maintain that platform which he aided in forming at Philadelphia. Let no modification be interpolated; regard it as the faith delivered to the Republican saints to be maintained in all its dignity.

Fellow-citizens, our friend will soon enter upon a new sphere of action; grave labor, incessant toil, will be his portion; and when he returns to you, after four or five years' service, the effect upon his physical constitution will be perceptible. Encourage, cheer and support him; let him never look back to find assailants at home for doing his duty in Congress. May God preserve him from the annoyance to which many of the pioneers of the cause have been subjected. If in anything he errs or falls, let his error or failure be treated kindly and candidly. I assure him that I shall do whatever I may be able to render his political duties pleasant, and to encourage him in maintaining truth and justice.

And now a word at parting. Nearly forty years of political association have attached me to my fellow-citizens of the District. I know the feelings which have animated you, and I believe you have heartily sustained me in my course. Some of my old Whig friends are here who, long ago, fought with me in the ranks of that party, and awhile against me when I left it. You were honest in so doing, and so was I. Since then there have been other divisions. Some have acted with the American organization, and I could not go with them in that action. You, no doubt, were honest, and so was I, and I believe I was a little the *most* so (cheers). Others still are old anti-slavery men, who, with you, have borne the burden and heat of the day; and now altogether with mutual good-will we can look in each other's faces and admit that we all have been sincere, and that all are earnest and hearty in carrying on the work of the Republican party.

I leave you with a lighter heart than ever before. It seems pleasant to lay aside the load. The quiet joys and gratifications of social life now seem within my reach. I have often longed for them before, and now they beckon me on.

I shall serve out my time and then deliver over my office to my friend here. I will say further that whatever I can do to sustain your action to-day shall be most cheerfully done, and I tender to you whatever service I may be able to render in this campaign. I will do all in my power to make the vote larger and the victory more complete than ever before.

I take leave of old opponents without a single thought of unkindness. To all who have differed from me, I would say that I have nothing but the kindliest emotions toward them.

To you, my old friends, who have so long supported and stood by me, I tender my grateful thanks. Your friendship and your support will always endear you to me; and, in taking leave of you, I wish you to believe me when I say again that I feel a great relief in being free from the prospect of a continuance of my public life (cheers).

THE EXILES OF FLORIDA.*

From The Atlantic Monthly.

A CRUEL story this, Mr. Giddings tells us. Too cruel, but too true. It is full of pathetic and tragic interest, and melts and stirs the heart at once with pity for the sufferers, and with anger, that sins not, at their mean and ruthless oppressors. Every American citizen should read it; for it is an indictment which recites crimes which have been committed in his name, perpetrated by troops and officials in his service, and all done at his expense. The whole nation is responsible at the bar of the world and before the tribunal of posterity for these atrocities, devised by members of its Cabinet and Congress, directed by its Presidents, and executed by its armies and its courts. The cruelties of Alva in the Netherlands, which make the pen of Motley glow as with fire as he tells them, the *dragonnades* which scorched over the fairest regions of France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have a certain excuse, as being instigated by a sincere, though misguided, religious zeal. For Philip II. and Louis XIV. had, at least, a fanatical belief that they were doing God service by those holocausts of his children; while no motive inspired these massacres, tortures, and banishments, but the most sordid rapacity and avarice, the lowest and basest passions of the human breast.

And so carefully has the truth of this story been covered up with lies that, probably, very few indeed of the people of the free States have any just idea of the origin, character and purposes of the Seminole wars, or of the character of the race against which they were waged. And yet there is no episode in American history more full of romantic interest, of heroic struggles, and of moving griefs. We have been taught to believe that these wars were provoked by incursions of the savages of Florida on the frontier, and, if the truth could not be concealed, that an incidental motive of our war of extermination against them was to be found in the sanctuary which the fugitive slaves of the neighboring States found in their fastnesses. The general impression has been that these were mainly runaways of a recent date, who had made their escape from contemporary masters. How many of our readers know that for more than three-quarters of a century before the purchase of Florida there had been a nation of negroes established there, enjoying the wild freedom they loved, mingling and gradually becoming identified with the Indians, who had made it their city of refuge from slavery also? For the slaveholders of Carolina had no scruples against enslaving Indians any more than Africans, until it was discovered that the untamable nature of the red man made him an unprofitable and a dangerous servant. These Indian slaves fled into the wilderness, which is now the State of Georgia, pushing their way even to the peninsula of Florida, and were followed, in their flight and to their asylum, by many of their black companions in bondage. For near seventy-five years this little nation lived happy and contented, till the State of Georgia commenced the series of piratical incursions into their country, then a Spanish dependency, from which they were never afterwards free; the nation at last taking up the slaveholders' quarrel and prosecuting it to the bitter and bloody end.

This whole story is told, and well told, by Mr. Giddings. And a most touching picture it is. First, the original invasion of the slaves into that peninsular wilderness, which they reclaimed as far as the supply of their simple wants demanded. They planted, they hunted, they multiplied their cattle, they intermarried with their Indian friends and allies, their children and their children's children grew up around them, knowing of slavery only by traditionary legend. The original founders of the tribe passed away, and their sons and grandsons possessed their corn-fields and their hunting-grounds in peace. For many years no fears disturbed their security. Under the Spanish rule they were safe and happy. Then comes the gradual gathering of the cloud on the edges of their wilderness, its first fitful and irregular flashes, till it closes over their heads and bursts upon them in universal ruin and devastation. Their heroic resistance to the invasion of the United States troops follows, sublime from its very desperation. A more unequal contest was never fought. On one side one of the mightiest powers on earth, with endless stores of men and money at its back—and on the other a handful of outcasts fighting for their homes, and the liberties, in no metaphorical sense, of themselves, their wives, and their children, and protracting the fight for as many years as the American Revolution lasted.

Then succeeded the victory of slavery, and the reduction to hopeless bondage of multitudes who had been for generations free, on claim of pretended descendants of imaginary owners, by the decision of petty government-officials, without trial or real examination. More than five hundred persons, some of them recent fugitives, but mostly men born free, were thus reduced to slavery at a cost to us all of forty millions of dollars, or eighty thousand dollars for each recovered slave! Then comes their removal to the Cherokee lands, west of Arkansas, under the pledge of the faith of a nation, plighted by General Jessup, its authorized agent, that they be sent to the West, and settled in a village separate from the Seminole Indians, and that, in the meantime, they should be protected, should not be separated, "nor any of them be sold to white men or others." This, however, was not a legitimate issue of a war waged solely for the reduction of these exiles to slavery; and so the doubts of President Polk as to the construction of this treaty were solved by Mr. John Y. Mason, of Virginia, who was sandwiched between two Free-State Attorney-Generals for this single piece of dirty work (of which transaction see a most curious account, pp. 328–9 of this book), and who enlightened the Presidential mind by the information that, though the exiles were entitled to their freedom, under the treaty, and had a right to remain in the towns assigned to them, "the Executive *could not in any manner interfere to protect them!*"

The bordering Creeks, who, by long slaveholding, had sunk to the level of the whites around them, longed to seize on these valuable neighbors, and indeed, they claimed rights of property in them as fugitives in fact from themselves. The exiles were assured by the President that they "*had the right to remain in the village, free from all interference or interruption from the Creeks.*" Trusting to the plighted word of the Head of the Nation, they built their huts and planted their ground, and began again their little industries and enjoyments.

But the sight of so many able-bodied negroes, belonging only to themselves, and setting an evil example to the slaves in the spectacle of an independent colony of blacks, was too tempting and too irritating to be resisted. A slave-dealer appeared amongst the Creeks and offered to pay one hundred dollars for every Floridian exile they would seize and deliver to him—he taking the risk of the title. Two hundred armed Creek warriors made a foray into the colony and seized all they could secure. They were repulsed, but carried their prisoners with them and delivered them to the tempter, receiving the stipulated pieces of silver for their reward. The Seminole agent had the prisoners brought before the nearest Arkansas judge by Habeas Corpus, and the whole matter was reviewed by this infamous magistrate, who overruled the opinion of the Attorney-General as to their right to reside in their villages, overrode the decision of the President, repealed the treaty-stipulations, pronounced the title of the Creek Indians, and consequently that of their vendee, legal and perfect, and directed the kidnapped captives to be delivered up to the claimant! We regret that Mr. Giddings has omitted the name of this wretch, and we hope that in a future edition he will tell the world how to catalogue this choice specimen in its collection of judicial monsters.

Then comes the last scene of this drama of exile. Finding that there was no rest for the sole of their foot in the United States, these peeled and hunted men resolved to turn their backs upon the country that had thus cruelly treated them, and to seek a new home within the frontiers of Mexico. The sad procession began its march westward by night, the warriors keeping themselves always in readiness for an attack. The Creeks finding that their prey had escaped them, went in pursuit, but were bravely repulsed, and fled, leaving their dead upon the field—the greatest disgrace that can befall, according to the code of Indian honor. The exiles then pursued their march into Mexico without further molestation. There, in a fertile and picturesque region, they have established themselves and resumed the pursuits of peaceful life. But they have not been permitted to live in peace even there. At least one marauding party, in 1853, was organized in Texas, and went in search of adventures towards the new settlement. Of the particulars of the expedition we have no account. Only, it is known that it returned without captives, and, as the Texan papers announcing the fact admitted, "*with slightly diminished numbers.*" How long they will be permitted to dwell unmolested in their new homes no one can say. Complaints are already abroad that the escape of slaves is promoted by the existence of this colony, which receives and protects them. And when the government shall be ordered by its Slaveholding Directory to add another portion of Mexico to the Area of Freedom, these "outrages" will be sure to be found in the catalogue of grievances to be redressed. Then they will have to dislodge again and fly yet farther from before the face of their hereditary oppressors.

Mr. Giddings has done his task admirably well. It is worthy to be the crowning work of his long life of public service. His style is of that best kind which is never remarked upon, but serves as a clear medium through which the events he portrays are seen without distortion or exaggeration. He has done his country one more service in entire consistency with those that have filled up the whole course of his honorable and beneficent life. We have said that it is fit to be the crowning work of Mr. Giddings's life; but we trust that it is far from being the last that he will do for his country. A winter such as rounds his days is fuller of life and promise than a century of vulgar summers. He has won for himself an honorable and enduring place in the hearts and memories of men by the fidelity to principle and the unfaltering courage of his public course. Of the ignoble hundreds who have flitted through the Capitol, since he first took his place there,

"Heads without name, no more remembered,"

his is one of the two or three that are household words on the lips of the nation. And it will so remain and be familiar in the mouths of posterity, with a fame as pure as it is noble. The ear that hath *not* heard him shall bless him, and the eye that hath *not* seen him shall give witness to him.

* The Exiles of Florida. By Joshua R. Giddings.

LIBERIA AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

CASE OF THE REGINA CŒLI.

From The London Daily News.

IN little more than a month from the receipt of the British and French accounts of the case of the Regina Cœli, off Monrovia, we are in possession of the two remaining versions—those from the Liberian authorities, and those from the American Colonization Society which founded the settlement. We commend to our readers a comparison between the four representations.

We need not dwell on the report of the Commander of the Ethiope, and of our Consul at Monrovia. It was simply that the Regina Cœli, a French ship from Nantes, was about to proceed from the coast of Liberia to the French colonies with a large company of negroes; that, during the absence of Captain Simon, the commander, and part of the crew, the negroes rose on the remainder, and killed eleven, sparing only the doctor; that the captain of the Ethiope, being urged to the act by the French captain and the consul, boarded the Regina Cœli and carried her into the harbor of Monrovia; that, in spite of protests by the captain of the Ethiope and the consul, two French-men-of-war seized the Regina Cœli, and carried her off, after a large number of the negroes had thrown themselves overboard, some reaching the shore and hiding in the woods, and others being drowned. The negroes had been "manacled" on board, though they were declared to be free laborers, going out voluntarily for a specified term of service and amount of wages. This was the statement of the case made in the House of Lords on the 17th of June.

On that day week Lord Malmesbury produced the French reply, in the form of a narrative which assumed to be complete. The Minister of Marine described the affair thus to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, after having obtained and carefully examined a variety of evidence. Capt. Simon was urged by the Chief at Cape Mount (an inlet a few miles north-west of Monrovia) to supply himself with negro laborers from that coast, a recommendation which was strongly enforced by the President of Liberia (Benson), who even engaged Capt. Simon to draw his supplies exclusively from the Liberian territory. The sum of 1,564 piastres was paid to the local authorities as "passport duty," and 400 laborers were to be supplied in 40 days. 271 had embarked, and the rest were in the roadstead, under the eye of the Liberian authorities who had helped to obtain them, when the outbreak occurred on board. It arose while Capt. Simon was on shore, from a quarrel between the cook and a negro, and became a general engagement between the passengers and the crew. The captain attempted to recapture the ship with aid from the shore, but had not succeeded when the Ethiope intervened. The Consul had sent for her; and Capt. Simon declares that his offer of terms was unanswered, and his vessel taken possession of without his sanction. The English Consul, who had also the charge of the French interests, was appealed to by both the commanders.

The "weakness or complicity of the Liberian authorities" is complained of by Capt. Simon, who states that the British officer on board did not restrain the negroes from plundering the ship, after which they were permitted to land and disperse, without any attempt being made to arrest even those who were pointed out as the murderers of the crew. The Liberian authorities referred Capt. Simon to the Courts of the country; and then the French men-of-war came in, and carried off the ship.

The preference of that part of the coast for obtaining negroes is explained by the statement that the selected negroes, being Americans, were of a higher order than the natives, and fitter for carrying on the civilization of the laboring class. In corroboration of this, it is stated, on the authority of the doctor, that 200 of those on board were able to read. In connection with this, it is positively denied that any were "manacled," and that any compulsion whatever was used. Such is the French narrative.

Next we have that of the Judge of the Liberia Court of Probate, who dates from New York, July 15. This Judge, B. B. R. James, declares that the President did accede to the proposal of Captain Simon to engage laborers on his coast; that Capt. Simon did so, obtaining a large supply from the chief at Cape Mount; that, owing to the extreme poverty of the residents, they were eager to supply emigrants, but that the emigrants themselves, having forgotten the days of slavery, were not prepared to be penned up on board ship, and immediately strove to escape; that they were baffled by premature discovery in every attempt, and were nearly carried off, the captain having resolved to sail away at once, instead of returning to Monrovia for passports, as required by law, but that a final opportunity occurred when the captain went ashore with one party, and sent another up the coast for the purpose of obtaining more negroes; that, being prepared, the passengers rose on the whites on board, and spared only the doctor, who had been kind to them; that the ship drifted except when they dropped anchor, and yet they remained on board, "afraid to land, as they might again be enslaved"; that the Ethiope arrived on the requisition of the "French Consul in Monrovia"; and that immediately on arriving in the harbor, the negroes, to the number of 300, got to shore and dispersed to their homes. "Not until then," says the Judge in conclusion, "did the government of Liberia know by what means these emigrants had been procured. It appears that the greater number of them had been kidnapped and forced aboard that ship, making it nothing more nor less than the actual slave trade."

So much for the statement that the President and his officials assisted in obtaining the negroes; and that the emigrants were free and enlightened Americans, able to make and read contracts, and carry on a missionary work of civilization in the French colonies.

Finally, we have the commentary of the New York Colonization Society, in the form of a letter to *The Tribune* from its Corresponding Secretary, Mr. J. B. Pinney. Mr. Pinney says that the English captain found a drifting vessel at sea, with two hundred "natives" on board and the bodies of eleven murdered white men; that "nearly or quite all had been put on board by force, and many kept in manacles." Ex-President Roberts, who went in the Ethiope, was welcomed as a deliverer. Capt. Simon claimed his ship, was convinced that legal questions were involved which could not be settled on the spot, followed to Monrovia, and there agreed to submit the affair to the decision of the Admiralty Court of Liberia; but, on the landing of the negroes being permitted, on the ground of their freedom under the law, the French men-of-war illegally seized and carried away the ship. The cause being carried before the Court, a decree awarded salvage to the English captain; and the Regina Cœli would have been condemned and sold if Capt. Simon had awaited the judgment. The ground of condemnation was that the Africans had been illegally shipped, and that the laws of Liberia against the slave trade had been violated. Mr. Pinney declares his utter disbelief of the statements that the authorities assisted in procuring negroes; that any passports were bargained for; and that any money was received on account of them. He disbelieves that any of the company were American negroes; that any of them could read, though Dr. Brulais, the French surgeon, asserts that 200 of them were thus far educated; and he insists that the victims must have been poor natives, brought from up the rivers. The coasting practices of the French vessel he explains by relating the terms on which Liberia obtained the countenance of France and England, viz., that vessels of the two countries should have a right to take out licenses for a coasting trade, on paying for them at Monrovia. He concludes by declaring his opinion that France has been attempting to drive a slave trade on the Liberian coast, and that, being baffled, she has striven to implicate Liberia in the disgrace, to avoid being called to account by the Republic.

Instead of pointing out the contradictions and discrepancies in these narratives, which every reader can mark for himself, we append two brief paragraphs, which together may be found to cast some light on the matter.

The *New York Times* supplies a commentary on the Secretary's representation, indicating the points in which it is unsatisfactory, and pointing out the high and various French authorities which Mr. Pinney ventures to set at nought. The reputation of the American people is declared to be involved in the exoneration of Liberia. It is already damaging to the national character to have it said that, while pretending to regard the slave trade as piracy, the United States have founded a republic in Africa from which the traffic can be conducted. That President Benson and other authorities should be cleared is, therefore, of great consequence; and the Colonization Society must consider itself responsible to its country for a full and clear vindication of Liberia in regard to the Regina Cœli. In this appeal all Englishmen will sympathize.

We have to add a suggestion which it may be as well not to overlook. The Americans in Liberia are for the most part emancipated slaves, sent from Southern plantations for the convenience of their proprietors. "Scarred, worn-out, helpless slaves," many of them are, according to the testimony of a Missionary (sent out by the planters) so lately as 1854. Others are too strong, too able, too restless, to be safe residents on a plantation. Of the whole number of free and slave negroes sent from the United States, ninety-five per cent. soon disappear in the colony. They are sent out of begging range, and "dropped into" the huts of the natives up the country. Does not this open a glimpse as to the character of the negroes on board the Regina Cœli, of whom we are told that they could not be Americans, because they came through the chiefs from up the country; and that as they were not Americans, they could not read; and, again, could not be Americans because they were manacled? while, on the other hand, the French narrators declare that they were Americans, and chosen on that ground of preference; that 200 of them could read, and all were trained to civilization. For our parts we are disposed to believe that they were American negroes, brought to a market highly convenient to the sellers who sent them there, and to the buyers who endeavored to ship them thence. Liberia has often before been a slave market; and certain Liberian officials have been highly accomplished in the practical knowledge of the slave trade. We do not feel bound to decide between such a probability in the case of the present administration and the imputation of enormous lying brought by the American and Liberian authorities against the French officers.

Our business is to remember that we have anti-slave trade treaties with all the three parties—the French, the Americans, and the Liberians. On the merest hint of any conspiracy among our three allies, or any sections of them, to carry on the trade under false pretences, every Englishman should bestir himself to keep the Foreign-office and the Government generally up to its duty.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON IN VERMONT.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT WEST RANDOLPH.

From The Green Mountain Freeman.

IT is a pleasant fact that unselfish deeds and a mind occupied with noble and generous thoughts stamp their unmistakable impress upon the human countenance, and one has but to look to read honesty of purpose and purity of heart. Particulary pleasant is this in the case of those who are laboring for the overthrow of popular evils, and who are wilfully misunderstood by those whose selfishness and mercenary interest impel them to retard their efforts, and misrepresent and impugn their motives. I never more forcibly realized this than when, entering the Anti-Slavery Convention at West Randolph last week, I looked for the first time upon Wm. Lloyd Garrison. I had heard all manner of invective against him—traitor, infidel, heretic, vain-glorious, impracticable, insane—some of my Christian friends thought it a shame that I should go into his presence, but there he was—his lofty brow and pleasant, humane visage bespeaking energy, perseverance, and courage, mingled with gentleness and humanity. Surely I thought no harm could come of listening.

His voice coincided perfectly with his appearance, and to those divested of prejudice the first impression must have been favorable. His style of address was calm, earnest, forcible and convincing; and if he has not that power of eloquence which at intervals holds the breath suspended, he certainly awakens the deepest interest, and commands the closest attention of his audience.

Is he inconsistent, and impracticable? If to adopt the principles embraced in the "Golden Rule," and the Declaration of Independence, and *practice* accordingly, makes him so, then must he plead guilty; but let those who proffer these charges prove their own consistency by declaring, with their Southern allies, the great principle that "all men are created equal, and endowed by God with certain inalienable rights," &c., only a "rhetorical flourish."

Does he seek to overthrow Christianity? He does arraign the American Church, the popular religion of the country, as joining hands with men-stealers, and cradle-plunderers, and contributing to uphold the diabolical system of slavery—and, with an alarming array of facts, makes good his assertion. But the point is a tender one. He questions the soundness and entire purity of the Church, and his limits are transcended—he is branded by that powerful body as a heretic, and infidel. It avails him nothing that he quotes the Bible *always* on the side of justice and liberty, while many a distinguished divine, contrary to the life and teachings of Christ, proves it to be a slavery-supporting and war-sustaining book. It is nothing that he advocates the cause of the poor and lowly, the down trodden and oppressed, that he follows most reverently the example of Him on whom they profess to believe their salvation depends. "He is seeking to climb up some other way." As if doing righteously and loving mercy were not more acceptable in the sight of God than mere profession and an empty name. When a Christian nation is a slaveholding nation, when Christians buy and sell Christians, professing to believe this traffic in human souls is sanctioned by God and the Bible, and still claiming Christ as their Great Exemplar, it is evident that sin and iniquity are stalking about at noon-day—and when those not directly engaged in the iniquitous practice defend and uphold it, is there not need for men who will fearlessly wage war with "principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places"? And why should they be treated with scorn and derision? All past history is replete with reasons. Is it not true that the spirit of Christianity is almost lost sight of in "our Church," and "our creed," and that we have come to look upon men-made organizations with a reverence due only to Christ-like deeds? Seriously we know this too true, then why assail so bitterly those who, in a spirit of love and benevolence, point out these evils, and their effects, and urge us against their continuance?

Why does the Church fear to be probed? If it is of God, will it not stand any and all attacks, and will not ministers and members love her more and more if, after Mr. Garrison's denunciations, they can, from personal knowledge and experience, refute his accusations? If they feel confident, as they claim, that they are in the right and only right way, they cannot fear his influence upon themselves; and as they would multiply their numbers, why not rush to the rescue of those whose minds are open to conviction, and in Mr. Garrison's presence prove his assertions against the Church to be false? "Facts are stubborn things." They talk much about his pernicious influence, but it seems unnatural that he who appeals always to the God-like in our natures can harm us much, or that words which incite to high resolves and noble deeds can emanate from an impure source—"Virtue at Virtue's voice alone will rise." "Grant he is conscientious," say some, "but he is fired by mistaken zeal." He only asks Christians to practise what they profess to believe. "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." And then, "his ravings about the Constitution and the Union," say they, "are insane," but those who hear him are constrained to confess, "There's method in his madness!"

The Democrats cared not that he pronounced them pro-slavery to the last degree, and wholly corrupt, they were so rejoiced to hear him point out the hollowness of the anti-slavery professions of the Republican party; and the Republicans, well, they could not so easily deny what he said of them, though their cause was advocated, but I imagine they were more fearful he would injure their party than desirous for him to advance the anti-slavery enterprise. There was free discussion, and fair play, argument could be met with argument, yet only one Republican joined in the discussion. I fancied some of them who wanted to consider themselves genuine anti-slavery men, saying to Mr. Garrison:

"Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects."

Is the Republican party true to its principles, and are its principles just? If so, it cannot fear discussion, and it will escape harmless from Mr. Garrison's attacks.

Samuel Jay, Jr., as well as Mr. Garrison, wears upon his countenance the stamp of nobility and honesty. His remarks were candid, earnest, and well received. Rev. N. R. Johnston of Topsham, did himself and the cause justice. He spoke well, and manifested a Christian spirit. Rev. J. Baldwin, of Randolph, defended the Republicans, and, to some extent, the Church. This pleasant opposition added to the interest of the Convention. Parker Pillsbury, received a greater share of condemnation than any other, by the audience, but I do not think for that reason he would say less at another time. He does not disclose a disagreeable truth in so easy and pleasant a manner as Mr. Garrison, or Mr. May; and he was thought by many to be harsh and unjust, but he is accustomed to such accusations, and cares little for them, so he can make his words felt. He also had his warm admirers. The Convention will, at least, promote discussion, and, it is to be hoped, deepen the anti-slavery sentiment.

Messrs. Garrison and May were at West Brookfield last Sabbath, where they had a very large audience, and such undivided attention as one seldom sees on any occasion. Mr. May spoke justly and well, at times arousing his hearers to intense interest and feeling. Mr Garrison spoke with power and effect. He showed the North their guilty complicity with slavery in various ways; and whatever the result may be, he certainly made a deep impression. This meeting must have been very gratifying to him, for no one whose motives are good loves to be misrepresented, and it must be a pleasure personally to present his views, and let the public judge. Mr. Garrison was not as much feared at West Brookfield as in many places, for their minister, Mr. Claflin, had often spoken in his defence. The house was beautifully hung with evergreens and adorned with flowers. The choir had practised for the occasion, and closed with an appropriate song to Freedom, the execution of which spoke much in their praise.

There is a cry for light, more light, and Mr. Garrison will be heard, notwithstanding the warning; but what need to fear? His tour in Vermont will, no doubt, have an effect; but don't fear lest *one* vote is lost to the Republican party, for I belong to the disfranchised, being only a woman, and, very probably, interested politicians will occupy a different stand-point of observation.

Aug. 29, 1858.

HISTORY OF A SAVANNAH SLAVER.

SAVANNAH, Tuesday, Aug. 31, 1858.

To the Editor of The New York Times.

THE cargo of the slaver E. A. Rawlins was sold at auction, a few days since, in order to make room for fresh supplies, as these had been on board over a year. The vessel appeared to be one well fitted for her business; a long, sharp, clipper-looking bark. She is now undergoing repairs, preparatory to another trip to the coast of Africa.

She has made two trips to the coast of Africa after slaves, and each time came back without them, it seems through treachery or unfaithfulness on the part of the captains.

The first trip she cleared from the port of Madeira. After the lapse of a few months, she made her appearance in New Orleans, and, 'tis said, made a failure, the *captain* having made love to the funds on board. She remained in New Orleans some months, then cleared for the Island of Saint Thomas, on the coast of Africa, with the "outfit" of a slaver, *ostensibly* on a trading voyage.

On this trip she was commanded by a *new* captain, having for *supercargo* a man from this city, formerly an officer in the United States Navy (which he left to enter the Texas Navy).

After an absence of nearly five months, the Rawlins appeared in this harbor, without the captain who commanded her when she left New Orleans, and under the command of P——. The vessel had no papers nor clearance from any port. Captain P.'s "story" is that the regular captain (while in St. Thomas) endeavored to play false to the owners, by selling not only the slave cargo, but the vessel also, and to pocket the spoils; that he succeeded in disposing of a *portion* of the supplies, and, upon P.'s expostulating with him upon his course, he endeavored to produce the arrest of P. and the seizure of the ship by the Portuguese authorities; that an armed force was sent to arrest him, while ashore, which he kept at "bay" with a *bowie-knife*, until he could make good his retreat to the ship, whereupon he immediately hoisted sail, leaving the captain and a boat's crew on shore together with all the ship's papers. He had thirty-six days' passage to this port; saw not a single sail; no men-of-war; ran within sight of Cape Sable, and could have taken away a cargo of *live niggers* if he had so desired, but that his only wish was to save the vessel for the owners.

When it was known that the Rawlins had actually anchored at Tybee bar, all kinds of rumors were at once put in circulation. One report was that she had *actually* landed her cargo of Africans. Another, that she had 500 on board, &c. The owners were in high glee. They immediately went down in a small steamer, duly "armed with sundry bottles of champagne, bottles of brandy," and quantities of ice, intending to have a grand "jollification" over their good luck. "When, lo!" they found that they were "sold." The ship had come back *empty*, and the self-made captain had come *ahead* of them (to the city), bringing with him a "*heavy bag.*" Back the *owners* posted, and found Captain P., who gave them the story as I have narrated above.

They were furiously mad, and cursed him for a *fool*, in not having crossed over to the coast of Africa and taken on board a cargo of slaves, as they had some 700 awaiting the ship; and their curses knew no bounds when they learned that he saw *no men-of-war* of any nation, and could have taken off the slaves had he possessed the *nerve* to have gone after them.

The owners have discharged Captain P., and will doubtless send out some one better fitted for the duties of a slave captain than he is. They allege, too, that Captain P. took good care of *number one*, and "bagged" pretty "freely" all that he could lay his hand on, forgetting that there should be "*honor* among thieves."

On board the Rawlins is a tall, wiry-looking fellow, with a "huge" steeple-crowned hat, having an immense broad brim. This genius is called Gilbert. *He says* that he merely went to the Coast of Africa as a "*passenger*," but he forgets to tell that he is chief clerk to one of the largest negro-traders in the city of New Orleans, named Johnson. This Mr. Gilbert is here still, awaiting the fitting out of the ship, when he will no doubt take another trip to Africa for the benefit of his health, and to look into the "*anatomy* of the black race."

It is pretty well understood here that P. has made a "good thing" of it, while his owners are left to suck their fingers and to bear the loss. One of the owners of the E. A. Rawlins swears that he will carry on the slave trade openly, and he does not deny the object for which the Rawlins was sent to Africa. This gentleman is a son of Mr. G. B. L., who formerly resided in your city, and was President of a Bank. He is considered a "fast young man." There are associated with him in this business two or three negro-traders of this place, and several other parties. One of them, 'tis said, is the keeper of a kind of banking-house (as he calls it). L. says that P. has made a considerable amount of money out of him and the other owners. P. keeps "mum."

I presume that the Rawlins will be off again as soon as she can refit, and manage a small matter with "Uncle Sam" about a *new* set of papers, which is now endeavoring to be done.

I may add that L., the prominent man in the matter, is the son in-law of the United States District Judge of this District, who resides in this city. TRAVELLER.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

From The Chicago Democrat, July 31.

SOMETHING like six weeks since, there arrived in this city a young man named George T. Eve, who brought with him, as his reputed wife, a beautiful mulatto woman, and three children, of whom we believe he claims the paternity. The woman is nearly white, and the children so white they would not be thought otherwise by any one not conversant with their origin.

Their previous history partakes strongly of the romantic. They were, it seems, formerly residents of Rome, Randolph County, Georgia, and she a slave when he first became acquainted with her. A short acquaintance ripened into what they called love, but his relatives termed it infatuation. For a long time every effort was made by his friends to overcome his affection for her, but in vain, and at last all but his father consented to their marriage. He accordingly bought her at the extraordinary price of $7,000, married her, and they came North together.

Upon his arrival here, he commenced the practice of medicine, his office and dwelling-rooms being at the same place, No. 124 South Clark street. Though young and unknown, yet he might ultimately have succeeded, more especially as he had some $25,000 or $30,000 worth of property in his own right, left him by his grandparents, upon which he might have lived with economy until he could build himself up a reputation.

But on Wednesday last he received a line through the post-office stating that if he would call at room No. 62 Tremont House, he would there find an old acquaintance. He went, and, to his infinite surprise, stood face to face with his own father. A long conversation ensued, and finally he was told that he must remain with him. Not knowing his own right, and that his father had no more control over his actions than a perfect stranger, he sobbingly consented. A couple of men, who either were, or represented themselves to be officers, were accordingly called; he was placed in a hack with them, and they drove to his residence.

Upon their arrival, one of them asked him for the keys of his trunk, which were unresistingly given up. The officer then opened the trunk, took out all the money he had (some $600 in gold, which remained of about $1,000 with which he left the South), packed up a few of his clothes, and ere his friends in the city knew aught of the affair the entire party were on their way southward, leaving his wife penniless, a stranger among strangers, with a helpless family on her hands. We learn from her that his father, Dr. Paul Eve, is a Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in some college in Nashville, Tenn., and that he has probably taken him thither.

From The New Bedford Mercury, Aug. 26th.

MR. EDITOR—*Sir:* Through the columns of the *Mercury* I desire to make a brief statement in reply to certain articles which have been recently published in the newspapers concerning me. On Monday, the 26th ult., my father, Dr. Paul Fitzimons Eve, of Nashville, Tenn., accompanied by one of his friends from the same place, arrived in Chicago, where, as a man of proper age, as an unoffending citizen, and as an unobtrusive physician, I was quietly earning an honest livelihood. As I have since learned, the sole object of their visit was to find me (I having been there but a month or so) and force me to do my father's bidding. Two days after their arrival I received a line through the post-office, stating that if I would call at room No. 62 Tremont House, I would find a friend, and, upon going there, was greatly surprised to meet my unexpected father, who peremptorily ordered me to return with him to Tennessee. I objected; he said he had orders from the Governor of Georgia (my native State) to take me, and that it was entirely useless for me to parley or demur. I was then ordered to accompany to my house two men, who represented themselves as detective policemen, and on arriving there they demanded the key of my trunk, from which they took two hundred dollars in gold.

I was next ordered

cided that he was entitled to his freedom. Frank was accordingly permitted to go at liberty, and, gladly embracing the opportunity, accompanied Col. Morgan home.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF THE WIDOW OF THE FIRST EMPEROR OF HAYTI.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA, September 9, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR: I find in the Port-au-Prince *Revue du Commerce* of the 14th of August the following announcement: "On Sunday last, the 8th inst., died at Gonaives, Madame (Veuve) Jean Jaques Dessalines, ex-Empress of Hayti, at a very advanced age. She has always been the object of public veneration, because she was always good, virtuous and humane."

This is all that the newspapers say of the matter, and thus has at length passed away an African woman who has figured in more than one popular romance, French and English—who saw and acted much in what has long since become matter of established, popular history, and who, in all positions in which she was called to act, from the slave to the Empress, always acted her part well. Madame Dessalines was the second wife of the Emperor Dessalines, and was married to him after he had emerged from his condition as a slave, and had become distinguished among his countrymen as a partisan warrior against the French. Many anecdotes, recorded and traditional, attest to the uniform kindness of her character. She was the good genius of her ferocious husband, and the few acts of forbearance, or of negative humanity, which he is known to have exhibited towards the whites were extorted from him by her influence or intercession.

The following incident, among others, related by Madiou, *fils*, the native historian of Hayti, if possibly it be considered a little melo-dramatic in the manner of telling, is nevertheless, no doubt, strictly true; and all who are acquainted with Descourtilz's beautiful and valuable work, "*La Fleur des Antilles*," will recognize the importance of the interposition described. The occurrence took place in 1802, after the arrival of Le Clerc's expedition, which event had changed Toussaint from a French Governor-General to a General-in-Chief of insurgents. Toussaint, on leaving the West to carry the war into the North in person, had placed Dessalines in command of the important post of Fort Crete-a-Pierrot and the town of Petite Riviere. No man ever knew better than Toussaint how to put "the right man in the right place"—how to put the man and the work which he wished him to do in such juxtaposition as to make the plans which he had in view apparently develop themselves without his seeming interference, and thus to keep himself in a position, in case of need, to deny or repudiate all responsibility; and he made this disposition above stated in accordance with his usual deep policy, knowing well what Dessalines would do in his absence, but not telling him to do it.

"On the departure of Toussaint," says Madiou, "Dessalines immediately beat the *generale* in the town. The whites hid themselves, some in ovens, some under beds, some in the cane-fields. But the native soldiers discovered them everywhere. Dessalines led them out a short distance from the town, bound and mostly naked. He rapped twice on his snuff box—his signal of death—and the soldiers bayonetted them all. The spot of the massacre is yet marked by the remains of wooden crosses, and our pious women still go thither to pray. Madame Dessalines was at this time at Petite Riviere. While the cries of these unfortunate victims were still heard in the town, two young Frenchmen rushed into her room, begging her to save their lives. She hesitated for a moment, for she knew that should she yield, her own life would be in danger from the fury of her husband, who never tolerated pity for the whites. However, time was precious. She already heard the brutal accents of her husband's staff, as he and his officers approached the house. 'Hide under the bed,' she whispered to the young men; almost at the same moment, Lamartiniere, Bazelais, Laurette, and a crowd of other officers entered the house with Dessalines. They were drunk with joy. Every drop of white blood, they said, would give a new vigor to the tree of liberty; and standing around the bed, they discussed the resources which still remained to Toussaint. Suddenly they heard a sneeze, and the officers, looking under the bed, discovered the young men. Dessalines was in a rage that whites, whom he wished to exterminate, should find protection in his own house. The young man who was nearest was immediately killed with many sabre cuts. The other was violently dragged out of his hiding-place, a sword was already raised over his head, when Madame Dessalines threw herself before her husband, and, turning to the officers, besought them to assist her in obtaining the young man's pardon. 'Do not kill him,' she said, 'he is a physician, and may be useful to us.' The officers, moved by her tears and courageous intercession, joined their voices to hers, and the young man was spared. It was Descourtilz, the naturalist and (afterwards) author. He had been sent from France to St. Domingo by a scientific society to study the plants and minerals of our climate."

For the last half century and upwards, or since the death of her husband in 1806, Madame Dessalines has lived in retirement. Her favorite occupations are said to have been nursing the sick and looking after the welfare of young girls, whom, under the title of god-daughters, she was always fond of having about her. Her circumstances, however, notwithstanding President Pe'con's letter to her, announcing her husband's death, and inviting her to become "the spouse adoptive of the entire nation," have, I believe, always been humble. The provisional government in 1844 voted her a pension of twelve hundred dollars, Haytien currency, per annum, then equal to about four hundred dollars United States currency; but now, and for some years back, owing to depreciation, not worth more than from sixty to eighty dollars; but I have been told, perhaps not truly, that even this sum was not regularly paid.

In 1843 a slight illness, while journeying, detained me for a couple of days at St. Marc. This town was then the residence of Madame Dessalines, and on learning this fact I determined to call at her house. The house was poor and small, and on entering the door I met a pig coming out. The room, however, into which I was shown, was clean and decently furnished. I noticed music lying on a settee, and her neighbors had already confirmed what I had previously heard, that she generally had some young girls staying at her house. She soon came in to me from her garden behind the house, with the great round straw hat of the country on her head, leaning on a long staff; and as she approached me, she smiled a very gentle and courteous salutation. I told her I was a stranger, passing through the town, and had called to pay her my respects, as to one of whom I had heard and read much that was good. She seemed well pleased, made me be seated, and, in the Haytien manner, urged upon me refreshments; and when she heard from me that I had been ill, and that my illness was the fever to which foreigners newly arrived are commonly subject, she expressed the most lively regret that she had not known of my illness, in order that she might have seen herself that I was well nursed, and the proper remedies administered to me—and she called my attention particularly to a certain "tisanne," which she considered of great value in the diseases of the climate. On my leaving, she took my hand in both hers—thanked me "with all her heart" for my visit, and wished, in the Creole tongue, that "the good God might bless me forever," and (which a Haytien seldom omits) "all my family."

Miss Martineau was, if I recollect rightly, severely criticised in the Reviews of the day, for giving to her slave-bred heroes and heroines, in her "Hour and the Man," the manner of ladies and gentlemen. This criticism, if it had been applied to English peasantry or American laboring people under similar circumstances, would have been unquestionably sound. The novel in question has but little value, as illustrative of the individual characters brought forward in it, and it is especially faulty in that of Toussaint. But in this particular of manners she was no doubt right, though by accident. In manners, or that department of them which consists of personal deportment, Madame Dessalines, Toussaint, Christophe, his wife, and all that class, possessed, in common with most of their undistinguished countrymen and countrywomen, a rare facility of rising to their position. I do not know whether it is a matter of climate, or of their Franco-Oriental origin; but from whatever cause, the common people of Hayti at the present day will often shame foreigners in propriety of deportment and personal address—even those who consider themselves infinitely their superiors in relative position; and if their other good qualities were developed in like proportion, there would soon be little cause left to complain of them.

I suppose no one knows the exact age of Madame Dessalines. At the time of my visit she was apparently from seventy-five to eighty years old. All Haytiens will tell you that in her youth she was eminently beautiful. And when I saw her, her features were still comely and in good keeping, and, though very black, showing little of the exaggerated African type. She wore on her head the white handkerchief, which is the Haytien badge of widowhood. She never had any children. The children of her husband were numerous, but they were all what the Haytiens call *enfans dehors*—outside children—of which the worthy Colonel of Police, the Baron Dessalines, whom you saw at Port-au-Prince, is one, and I believe the only one now living. His brother, the General, was shot for treason, a few years ago, at the Cape, by order of the present Emperor.

POSTMASTERS NOW AND THEN.—William Lloyd Garrison, the leader of the Abolitionists, gives, in *The Liberator* of September 10th, an account of his recent visit to Vermont, a State which he had not visited for thirty years. This letter he commences with the following reminiscence, showing the remarkable change of opinion undergone by our fellow citizens, the postmasters of the United States:

"It is now thirty years since we commenced our public advocacy of the anti-slavery cause, through the medium of the *Journal of the Times*, a paper established by us in Bennington, Vermont, in 1828; though the primary object of the paper was the election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency of the United States in opposition to Andrew Jackson, the military chieftain. At that time, we invited a public meeting of the citizens of Bennington, to consider the propriety of petitioning Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and were cordially sustained by them in that measure. We printed and circulated through the State petitions for that object, and were readily aided by the various postmasters, who, in the course of a few weeks, returned them to us, bearing not less than six or seven thousand signatures, which were promptly forwarded to Congress. If any postmaster should now venture to sign and circulate such a petition, how prompt would be his dismissal from office! For whoever holds office under the national government must either be the active enemy of freedom or wear a padlock upon his lips, and be as submissive as a plantation slave. As pertaining to the slave system, the people are now living under a governmental despotism, which allows no 'official' to enjoy freedom of speech or the luxury of a conscience."

From this it would appear that while the postmasters of thirty years since were in favor of "keeping the Federal Government actively and perpetually on the side of freedom," they are now keeping it actively and perpetually the other way.—*Evening Post.*

COTTON FROM AFRICA.

THE subjoined report, from *The Times* of the 7th ult., of a meeting on the subject of an increased supply of cotton from Africa, is deserving of record, on account of the important facts stated by Mr. Consul Campbell, from Lagos, whose interesting communications on this subject have already found a place in our columns. There can be little doubt that the enterprise, set on foot by Mr. T. Clegg, of Manchester, is destined to produce the most important results in relation to the extinction of the slave trade on the coast of Africa, and the promotion of native agriculture and commerce. Its success has our best wishes.

"A large public meeting of the Cotton Supply Association was held yesterday morning (August the 6th) in the Manchester Town-hall, to receive information from Mr. Campbell, Her Majesty's Consul at Lagos, as to the prospects of cotton supply from the west coast of Africa.

"Mr. J. CHEETHAM, M.P., took the chair. He remarked that among all those parts of the world from which the Association had received information, there were only two which called for immediate and active exertion, the one being India, and the other the West Coast of Africa. Last year the Association made a special demand upon the Government of India for the construction of certain great works, which would be of material assistance in the cultivation and export of cotton from that country. The mutiny arose in the midst of the discussion to withdraw attention from other matters, however important; but as the Bombay Presidency was less disturbed, the Association still urged that some specific works should be carried out there. Up to the present moment not the slightest thing had been done. He did not think they had much to hope from the recent change in the Government of India, when he found that, instead of a certain number of men being brought to assist the minister for India, there was what appeared to him little more than a mob of counsellers, to dispute and perhaps thwart his efforts, and that so considerable a part of these were the very men with whom they had been contesting, and from whom they had received nothing but opposition. In fact, his hope was this, and it almost amounted to certainty, that in a very few years the organization which this Session had produced would be found so utterly worthless that the whole of it would have to be reformed. As an instance of the misgovernment of India, he might refer to the case of the Madras Irrigation Company. It was formed about two years ago, and communicated early with this Association for assistance in procuring a Government guarantee. The chairman of the India Board was favorable, but the matter had been referred to the local Government of Madras, which had actually announced very recently its conclusion that the works projected were too profitable to be handed over to a private Company, and ought to be reserved for the Government itself. And yet the answer of the Government to solicitations for works being undertaken by it was always this: 'How can you expect us to go on with public works when we have this mutiny to put down?' Such was the result of the Company's correspondence during nearly two years. He believed that the only good thing which had resulted from the Indian legislation of this year was the destruction of the East India Company; but his only hope of improvement in the state of things in that country was from the action of public opinion at home. With regard to the cultivation of cotton in Africa, as to which Mr. Campbell would speak, he (Mr. Cheetham) believed that it was by this movement that the slave trade would be most effectually combated. Miss Burdett Coutts had made a munificent contribution to the funds of the Association, mainly on this ground, and it was an additional claim to the general support of the nation.

"Mr. CONSUL CAMPBELL addressed the meeting at considerable length, and gave a most encouraging account of the resources of the districts near the mouth of the Niger, especially as bearing on the objects of the Association. He believed there was every prospect of obtaining thence a large supply of cotton in course of time, and not only from that country, because cotton actually grew throughout the whole of tropical Africa. When our forefathers clothed themselves in sheepskins and goatskins, the ancestors of the people in that region were clothed as they are now. But the Bight of Benin had been occupied by the slave trade for nearly a century, and by its operation the resources of the country had been shut up. Since the Government had taken the matter in hand, and sent him there in order that British interests might have fair play against the slave trade, great progress had been made. The palm-oil trade from the Bight of Benin had increased during the last six years by about £600,000 out of £1,000,000. Why should not a cotton trade receive equal development if this country supplied capital for the purchase and skill for the preparation of that important product? The first ship loaded with cotton would give the signal for the whole of the cotton regions of Africa. The people were exceedingly fond of agriculture. In Abbeokuta they preferred working in the plantations for 3*d.* a day to working at any other employment for 9*d.* But hitherto they had been shut out from communication with civilized countries, and their roads were at present mere pathways. He believed the Niger would become the Mississippi of Africa as its trade became developed. At present the cotton from that region had been obtained from Abbeokuta only. It was a peculiar feature in this part of Africa that it contained towns of 40,000, 60,000 80,000, 100,000, and even 120 000 inhabitants, while other parts only contained scattered villages. The people were not only growers, but manufacturers of cotton, and from Lagos and the Bight of Benin 200,000 cotton cloths of native manufacture, averaging 2 1-2 lb. each in weight, had been exported in the year 1857 to the Brazils or elsewhere, for the clothing, probably, of their own countrymen. The shipment of cotton from Lagos in 1856 was 34,491 lb., and in 1857 it was 114,844 lb. Small as these beginnings were, it was obvious how they were progressing. Besides the export, the people supplied their neighbors with at least 200,000 heavy cloths, weighing 4 1-2 or 5 lb. each. All this commerce had been established before we had begun to deal with them. He looked forward to our buying the cotton from the natives, and their purchasing from us the manufactured article, which we could supply so much cheaper. There was nothing to fear on the score of security to property: Europeans were everywhere received with kindness, and cotton was found exposed for sale in every town at the weekly markets. It might, therefore, be said that it was going a-begging for want of purchasers. What was wanted by the growers and traders was the cheap and rapid means of cleaning the cotton. There was no foundation for the prevailing belief that the free African would not work if he were secured the fruits of his labor. At Lagos the people went to work at daybreak, and took their meals and rest in the heat of the day, and a more industrious people, he believed, did not exist. He had mentioned the value of labor at Abbeokuta, but at other towns it was only 2*d.* a day, or 1 1-2*d.* a day in the interior. He estimated the population at a million and a half, and they were all clothed in garments of their own manufacture. He was confident that 4 1-2 lb. taken as the cotton consumption of each person was an extremely low estimate. In the question of cotton supply to England, it must be remembered that in Africa there was no rent to pay for the land. He had resided in that country thirty-five years; he knew an Irish gentleman who had been there forty-five years; and believed there was nothing in the climate for a European to fear, provided he lived temperately and moderately. It was the worst country in the world for indulging in excess. After referring to the importance of the indigo production of this part of Africa, and to the additional advantage it possessed, as regards cotton cultivation, that no lands have yet been cleared exclusively for that purpose, Mr. Campbell concluded by submitting detailed suggestions for the commencement of operations for promoting the cultivation of cotton in the districts in question, by sending a respectable man as superintending agent at Abbeokuta, with a supply of small presses, gins, an iron store, iron canoes to convey cotton bales between Abbeokuta and Lagos, &c. The agent should carry with him £2,500 or £3,000 in suitable merchandise for the purchase of cotton. He should be authorized to buy on the spot from time to time, as wanted, cowrie shells to the value of £250, those being the currency of the country. They were to be had at Lagos at from £22 to £23 the ton. The London and Liverpool market might be tried. The cheap blue shell cowries from Zanzibar were what was required, but care should be taken in selecting them, as, being bought by weight and sold by number, the smaller size shell would be the most profitable. The agent should be authorized to hire native sub-agents for the interior towns, men of good character; and as these did not abound, their services were now valued at from £60 to £80 per annum, they providing for themselves. The agent should be supplied with an iron house, lined inside with board, raised on pillars at least twelve feet high. This elevation was essential to health. Mr. Campbell having given satisfactory replies to several questions,

"Sir J. POTTER, M.P., moved a resolution, that the Association, with the support of the trade, should endeavor promptly and practically to realize all the great advantages thus perceptibly offered for the important increase in the supply of the raw material which was so much needed.

"Mr. HADFIELD, M.P., seconded the resolution, which was unanimously agreed to.

"Mr. BOOKER, of Liverpool, and Mr. H. ASHWORTH, afterwards addressed the meeting, and a resolution of thanks to Mr. Campbell was adopted."

We have also read that a letter addressed to the Cotton Supply Association, from Mr. R. D. Ross, Cape Coast Castle, Gold Coast, states emphatically that cotton, which is indigenous to Africa, and grows abundantly in Ashantee, might be obtained equal to that of Georgia, both in quantity and quality. The natives have from time immemorial woven their own cloths, but now prefer those of Manchester. Mr. Ross thinks the Africans would readily profit by instruction, and that Africa would ere long compete with the slave States of America, if capitalists would establish an organization in central districts to purchase and prepare for export all the cotton which the natives should be left to grow themselves.—*London Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

AN ADVOCATE OF FREE SPEECH SHOT.—We have received several letters from friends in Texas, giving accounts of a cowardly attempt to assassinate our old friend Winston Banks, one of the many noble friends of Free Speech in that State. The following are the facts as far as we know: Banks was not strenuously opposed to slavery, but believed that free men had a right to discuss all political questions in all sections of the Union. He was, up to the 1st of June, 1857, the editor of *The Texas Free Press*, published at Quitman. From February to June of that year he admitted certain mild Free Soil communications in his paper, and defended in editorial articles his right to do so. This excited the intolerant spirit which is to be found in slave communities, and *The Free Press* was forcibly discontinued by a mob of fanatical slavery men, headed by Russell, the State Senator for the district. Banks and his contributor were required to leave the State in 48 hours. They both came to Illinois. Banks soon after returned to Texas, where he has since been attending to his business in the District Courts of the State. At Quitman, during the first week of August last, Court was in session. The Judge needed a certain law-book, and Banks started to his residence to procure it for him. When about one hundred yards from the Court-house he was fired upon by one Bill Yarborough, who had at his side a friend, who was well armed, and ready, with a large double-barrelled gun, to shoot, in the event that Yarborough did not bring down his game. Banks fell at the first fire, terribly wounded, his own wife being a witness of the tragedy. He was then carried home by his friends.

These two men, we are informed, and Russell, who came to town with them, all armed, were immediately arrested, and bound over in the sum of ten thousand dollars each.

Russell has been for eighteen months desirous of seeing Banks killed, but was too much of a coward to attempt it himself, as Banks had given him the opportunity to do so by publishing him as "liar," a thing which a Southern gentleman never permits to go unpunished for twelve months. Yarborough, we presume, was instigated to attempt the damnable deed by Russell, aided by a little gold.

Bill Gunter, the postmaster, at whose store the assassins were concealed before making the assault, was placed under heavy bonds for some breach of the peace committed about the same time.

There appears to be a determination on the part of the authorities to punish these wretches as they deserve. It is well that they have embarked in "a laudable undertaking," for the law of the land is milder than that of retaliation.

We have not yet learned whether Banks is dead or not. —*Vermillion County (Ill.) Press.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twen'y-second Annual Meeting of the PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in HORTICULTURAL HALL on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 6th, 7th and 8th of October, commencing the first day at 10 o'clock a. m.

We earnestly invoke the members and friends of the Society, by their interest in the cause which it is our aim to promote, and their regard for the credit of the State which it is our purpose to redeem, to be in punctual attendance at the time and place appointed, ready to contribute their part, whatever that may be, toward the object of the meeting. We also extend a cordial invitation to the Friends of Freedom everywhere to meet with us when we come together and share with us in our deliberations.

Distinguished advocates of the cause will be present, and no reasonable pains will be spared to make the occasion one of interest and profit.

By order of the Executive Committee,

JAMES MOTT, *Chairman.*

MISTAKES OF MAFFIT.

WE cannot but think Lieutenant Commanding Maffit was very ill-advised in sending his prize of African negroes into Charleston. Indeed, it amounts to positive cruelty to place so tempting a morsel under the very nose of hungry men only to snatch it away again untasted. We are glad to see that the higher powers have ordered the tantalizing cargo to be removed a few miles away from the immediate presence of the city, so as to relieve its burghers of the painful associations which must be inevitably connected with such a desirable assortment of goods and chattels. The Charleston *Mercury* says that "the event has caused as much excitement in our community as the success of the cable, and speculation as to the result of the capture, the fate of the cargo, and the general bearing of the affair, is great." And no wonder. What is the cable which unites Europe with America compared with this specimen link of the chain which used to unite Africa with America, and the hope it aroused as to the possibility of its yet again binding the two continents together in links of mingled jet and gold? The blessings of the one are all in possibility and futurity only; those of the other live in memory, have received the seal of experience and diffused themselves over all the lands and into the household recesses of the whole Southland. It is nothing strange, we say, that public-spirited and patriotic souls should be stirred to their lowest depths by an event which could not but remind them such things were and were most precious to them.

These natural and humane feelings burst forth in a communication to the same paper, extorted by so imperative an occurrence. The writer assumes the appropriate signature of "Howard," to a letter the spirit of which shows him to deserve to be saluted as "the Benevolent" as much as the Englishman who received that title by acclamation. Hear how his piety and his morality gush out in mingling yet distinctive streams along his page. After stating the fact and the excitement it had caused, he goes on: "We shudder at the thought of their reshipment to the coast of Africa, with all the attendant horrors of the middle passage, to say nothing of the enormous expense necessary to carry out so horrible a scheme." Like Mrs. Gilpin, our philanthropist "has a frugal mind," and shudders at the cost of carrying back to their native country about half the ordinary crew of a frigate, and the more as he evidently believes that Uncle Sam will feel bound to stow them away with the compact economy of the slaving clippers. But it is the great interests of Christianity and civilization that fill his soul with the most overwhelming emotions. "Can we," he proceeds, "as Christian people, inflict upon those whose sufferings on the passage here have, no doubt, been great, the very wrong we have so long striven to abolish?" As it was not the reduction of Africans into slaves for life, but merely to prevent them from having an uncomfortable passage that the slave trade was prohibited, the logic of this good man seems to be impregnable. "We hope not," he goes on. "Let us take care of them, clothe them, feed them, civilize and Christianize them, and show that the 'spirit of the age' is to be charitable to our fellowmen."

We concur cordially in this view of the Charleston Howard, as to the charitable tendencies of the spirit of the age—though we think that they are very apt to end where they began, at home—and especially the charitable tendencies of the spirit of the age, in the cotton and sugar-growing region, in the direction of the benefit of the negro race. As the laws of South Carolina do not permit the introduction of free negroes, of course our benevolent Howard cannot mean that they should be reduced to that pitch of degradation while receiving the bounties of himself and his fellow-philanthropists, even if it were a supposable case that he could entertain "so horrible a scheme," for a moment, as to make "free niggers" of them, anywhere. The horrors of the middle passage were nothing to such a refinement of cruelty as that. It is not to be supposed that the benefits of Christianity and civilization are to be bestowed on these fortunate pagans for nothing. A reasonable return in service for feeding, clothing, civilizing and Christianizing them is no more than might be righteously required of them, and the necessary amount of moderate correction which would be required to enforce it should be reckoned only as among the ordinary means of grace. We can fully understand, if we cannot entirely sympathize with, the emotions which called forth this communication, which are doubtless shared by many devout and public-spirited citizens of Charleston, and the rather, as *The Mercury* distinctly states, that the cargo, "generally speaking, furnishes good specimens of negroes." It must be inordinately annoying to have such good specimens of the ebony images of God thrown away, instead of being distributed among the *dilettanti*, who know how to value such curiosities, and put them to their proper use.

We do not know exactly what our South Carolina friends propose to do about it. The simplest way would be, undoubtedly, for that Empire to take possession of the negroes by virtue of her eminent domain, and order them to be sold for her benefit, as treasure brought within her territory which, belonging to nobody, would properly escheat to the sovereign. It is true that this proceeding would be contrary to the laws of the United States; but so were the laws for imprisoning and selling free negro cooks and stewards who came by fair winds into her ports or were cast by shipwreck upon her shores, and so are the modified statutes which are now in force. So there can be no difficulty on the abstract side of the question. The practical trouble will be to take them away from under the guns of Fort Sumpter, if there should be any disposition on the part of the officers in command to resist the enforcement of the act of supremacy. We are afraid that they would be too many for the imperial armies, even if led by the heroic Quattlebum in person. And if she could once get them into her possession and distributed among her inhabitants, their safety from the dangers of freedom and their security in the blessings of Christianity and civilization could not be molested, were there any disposition to do anything of the kind. We think that, after the Dred Scott decision, the Supreme Court can be relied on to declare the laws against the slave trade unconstitutional and to take the good old traffic under the cover of their silk gowns. However this may be, we end as we began by saying that Lieutenant Maffit made a mistake in sending his prize into Charleston; if, indeed, he did not make a greater in taking her at all. It is certainly a significant circumstance that this is the first slaver taken by an American ship-of-war in sixty years. It looks as if nothing but a foregone conclusion could account for it. It may be that he will find that he ran before he was sent, and that the Dolphin was an unlucky fish for him. A new edition of secret orders —"*in usum Delphini*"—is just a possible thing, and that the decree of the Navy Board that he was unfit for duty at sea, though once overruled, may be again enforced to guard against inconvenient accidents.

Be this as it may, it were a pity the Carolinians should not apply their doctrines of State Rights to this most apposite case, if it were only for the contradiction it would afford to that most absurd of apophthegms which affirms the identity of sauce for the goose and that for the gander. Of all the outrages on common sense which the Wisdom of Ages has condensed for the misleading of mankind, this is one of the most flagrant and enormous. We apprehend that no fact is more plainly patent than that the condimental concomitant served up with the goose is a totally different thing from that attendant upon the gander. Had Carolina taken possession of these Africans and sold them by public outcry, and put the proceeds in her pocket, all the world knows that there would have been an end of the whole matter. No attempt for the recovery of these three hundred negroes or for the punishment of the offenders against the laws of the United States would be made. But when Massachusetts proposes to take one negro away from the United States authorities and to apply her laws for his protection, instead of his enslavement, the air is filled with cries of "treason," the city of Boston is threatened with an invasion of national troops, and South Carolina thinks even the ventilation of such an idea an ample occasion for instant Secession from the Union. Such is the difference between the Sauce for the Goose and the Sauce for the Gander, and such the broad legal distinction between the damage done by my ox and your bull. But there is this comfort to be extracted from this claim of South Carolina, which meets with no rebuke, and would have met with no resistance or resentment, that it shows the inherent weakness of the U. S. Government in the presence of the very weakest of the single States. It shows, too, that whenever Massachusetts, or Ohio, or any other State, is determined that their own laws for protecting personal liberty shall be executed on their own soil, as to all men, there is nothing to hinder them from doing it, and that Uncle Sam will skulk out of sight, like a great hulking, cowardly bully as he is, the moment the least of his daughters plucks up the spirit to shake her fist in his face.

ANTI-SLAVERY LABOR IN VERMONT.

THE abolitionism of Vermont was almost entirely absorbed, nearly twenty years ago, by New Organization and Liberty party influences, since which time the American Anti-Slavery Society has been unable, for lack of pecuniary means, to cultivate that part of its great field. The Society, however, has some noble friends in that State, who lately made arrangements for a series of meetings to be attended by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON and Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr. The proceedings of a State Convention, held at Randolph, appeared in our columns two weeks ago, and in our present issue will be found a letter from Mr. May, giving a very interesting account of Mr. Garrison's and his own labors in other places in the Green Mountain State. The reader will also find on the first page a communication, copied from the *Green Mountain Freeman*, defending Mr. Garrison from the assaults of enemies or unenlightened friends of the cause. It is manifest that his visit has done no small amount of good, and we shall be disappointed if the good seed which he and Mr. May have scattered does not spring up and bear much fruit in due season.

Miss SALLIE HOLLEY, and her companion, Miss CAROLINE PUTNAM, have also been laboring in Vermont the past summer; and in *The Liberator* of last week we find a letter from Miss Holley, addressed to Mrs. ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, from which we copy as follows:

"Tuesday closed three months of our humble labor in this State. We have met with great kindness and hospitality.

"I have never enjoyed a lecturing summer so much, though I have spoken more than forty times to the people, and Miss Putnam has made several hundred calls in private homes. Insignificant as the results may be, beside your own effectual work, yet I know you are always devoutly grateful for any service in behalf of the slave, as if ever singing in your heart with Mr. Emerson:

> 'No accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world hath ever lost.'

Sometimes the expression of interest and sympathy in the cause is extremely touching. A few days ago, in one of Miss Putnam's calls, she met an elderly lady, who at once welcomed her errand, gladly taking the Anti-Slavery Tracts, handing a contribution, and, Congregationalist though she was, declared it was incomprehensible how the American Tract Society could refrain from crying out against the awful sin of slavery. Her unusual warmth, earnest emotion, and even tears, were explained, when she afterward said, 'I have a son who has resided at the South thirteen years, and I suppose he has come to think of slavery with Southern feelings. Knowing our sentiments, he avoids, in his letters, any allusion to the matter. And never but once has he sent us a Southern newspaper. That had an ordinary advertisement of a young 'runaway' slave boy, 'with light hair and blue eyes—might easily be mistaken for white.' It was a difficult thing to speak of, but in my next letter I copied the advertisement, word for word, and just added, 'I could not help thinking who might be that boy's *grandmother*.' This incident spoke with new power to our souls of the vital interest even Vermont people have in the overthrow of slavery.

"Full of rural occupations as the month of August is, enough of the inhabitants have attended our meetings to make it well worth while to have continued them. At Wheelock, Lyndon, Burke, Sutton, &c. &c., Free-Will Baptist meeting-houses have been cheerfully opened to our cause, the minister giving us aid and countenance with the natural result—large and satisfied audiences."

In Vermont, as in most other parts of New England, the Congregationalists are the most influential religious denomination. The Windsor *Chronicle*, the organ of the sect in that State, has been deadly hostile to the cause from the beginning, and, by its unscrupulous and jesuitical course, has done much to prejudice the people against the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends. The influence of such a paper in checking the spirit of freedom and progress and misleading its too confiding readers is incalculably mischievous.

SLAVE-HUNTING IN NEW YORK.—One day last week, a fugitive slave, who had arrived in this city on his way to Canada, fell into the hands of some scamp near the steamboat landing, who, hoping doubtless to earn a reward thereby, took him before Marshal Rynders, thinking that that functionary had authority to detain him until the master could be found and induced to send on the necessary papers to secure the return of his stray chattel to bondage. Capt. Rynders, however, knew very well that he had no such authority, and he is said to have declared that he would not interfere with a slave unless compelled to do so by the issue of a legal warrant. The fugitive was kept over night *somewhere*—he could not tell exactly where, but it was probably at one of the police stations—when his captors concluded to dismiss him. They are liable, of course, to an action for false imprisonment. The fugitive is supposed to be safe in Canada now.

ANTI SLAVERY DONATION.—The London *Daily News* informs us that Mr. James Dennington, an old inhabitant of the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, who died on the 18th of August, left various bequests to charitable objects, and among them one of £50 "to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe for the abolition of negro slavery."

THE CAUSE IN VERMONT.

BRADFORD, Vermont, Sept. 4, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE series of meetings in this State, succeeding the Convention held at West Randolph on the 24th and 25th of August, terminated last evening, at this place. As it may be acceptable to your readers to know how the genuine anti-slavery cause stands in Vermont, I send you a sketch of these meetings, and leave them to draw their own conclusions.

The Convention at West Randolph was largely attended, and by most respectable audiences, gathered from many towns in the region roundabout, some coming from distant parts of the State. As you have already published the report of it, I will only add that its best friends were entirely gratified with its success. A very friendly hospitality was extended to the speakers from abroad by families in the village, as also in Randolph and Braintree, and the memory of it will long continue. After the close of the Convention, Mr. Pillsbury returned to Massachusetts to fulfil various appointments there; while, according to previous arrangements, Messrs. Garrison and May remained to attend a series of meetings in the State of Vermont.

The first of these was held at Montpelier, the capital of the State, on the afternoon of August 27th, in the Free Church. Friends were present from Barre, Berlin, Northfield, and perhaps other towns, besides a small representation of the people of Montpelier, including three ministers of the place, and several of the leading editors. But it was evident that efforts had been made to deter the Montpelier people from hearing Mr. Garrison. Two of the clergymen seated themselves at the extreme corner of the house; they made no response, when invited to offer prayer for the slaves in the United States, and for the efforts used for their deliverance; nor did they come to the defence of the American Churches, or of the United States Constitution, when these were arraigned before the audience as the leading agents and instrumentalities of tyranny, oppression and moral depravity in the land. In the evening the audience was considerably enlarged, the small house being pretty well filled. We supposed the reason why we obtained access to this building to be that it is at present occupied by no *religious* (in the American sense) society and minister. No church in the town could possibly be obtained! It was noticed that the Editor of the Republican paper, the *Green Mountain Freeman*, did not come to either meeting, or show the slightest courtesy to the anti-slavery strangers. Indeed, as we were informed, he had been heard to say that if these anti-slavery speakers came to Montpelier, he would "abuse" them. This is not singular, however, but wholly in accordance with the key-note given by the *New York Tribune*, in its treatment of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends, which key-note the lesser lights of the Republican party all over the North (with a very few exceptions) make haste to imitate and echo. The Republican party of Vermont is evidently losing its *anti-slavery* character, and consorting more and more with the conservative elements of old Whiggery. The real anti-slavery men in it are much dissatisfied with some of the nominations which the party is supporting at this time. The editor of the *Christian Repository* (Universalist) attended our evening meeting, and showed a courteous spirit to the speakers; but I observe that in his paper of yesterday (an entire week after the meetings) he has not given so much as a notice of the fact that Mr. Garrison had visited Montpelier the week previous, for the first time in his life, delivering two of his profoundly able and stirring addresses, which *no editor, politician or priest present had ventured to controvert!* But we had good assurance that the word spoken in Montpelier was not in vain, but gladly heard by some of the true in heart.

We left Montpelier Saturday morning, having found there a most comfortable home at Burnham's Temperance Hotel, which we can cordially recommend to all visitors to Montpelier, and being also much indebted to the friendly aid of Mr. William H. H. Claflin. We took the cars thence to Northfield. On this short ride of ten miles your correspondent met with the (to him) novel experience of losing his valise, and this after having given it all that careful attention which a prudent traveller knows to belong to that important companion of his journeyings. It was a sore trial to find not only clothing, writing-materials and various other matters, but note-books and documents collected with pains during ten or twelve years past, suddenly swept out of his reach, and under circumstances which left little ground for hope of their recovery. But Man is said by a learned historian to be greater than his *Accidents*, and we found this to be true in a double sense; the accident, which deprived us of those accidents, being entirely powerless to prevent our high enjoyment of the remainder of our tour, besides having (as your Boston correspondent would say) done us the further service of bringing us well through this paragraph.

We were kindly entertained in Northfield by Mr. G. C. Sampson and family, and then took our way over the hills to West Brookfield, in company with Messrs. Claflin and Coburn. A glorious day dawned on us, on Sunday, the 29th, and never could the hill-sides of Vermont have looked more beautiful. Clothed in the richest verdure, cattle and horses feeding upon their sunny slopes, the very sight of them inspired the spirit of gratitude and praise. On going to the church, we found the people flocking towards it on every hand. Soon it was entirely filled, pews, aisles, pulpit-stairs, all occupied, and carriages drawn up to the open windows, affording convenient seats for hearers. Messrs. Garrison and May, on behalf of the anti-slavery cause, received a hearty welcome from the pastor, Rev. JEHIEL CLAFLIN, and were introduced to the audience. From eleven o'clock until nearly four (with only a short hour's intermission) the time was filled with a most thorough exposition of the Anti-Slavery gospel, and a searching application of it to the people of this country, in their individual positions and character, as represented by their government, and as acting in their churches and political parties. The people evidently heard the word with gladness, and many believed in it there. At five o'clock we started forth again, and again rode over the hills, for three hours, until we reached Williamstown. Here we were most kindly received and entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Seaver, being not less strengthened and encouraged by their excellent spirit and cordial benedictions than by the rest and refreshment which their home afforded us. Very early in the morning we were again astir, and again for two hours rode over the green hills, to Washington. For the accommodation of this ride, from West Brookfield to Washington, we were indebted to Mr. Lewis H. Spear, of Braintree; and the cause is indebted to him for his labor of love, which was not small, and rendered with the utmost cheerfulness. Fourteen miles farther, by stage-wagon, &c., brought us to Topsham, the place of our next appointment. Here our afternoon meeting was held in the meeting-house of the Reformed Presbyterians (Covenanters), the only religious body in the United States which has neither ecclesiastical nor political connection with slavery, having from the very first refused to render any support to the United States Constitution, its members steadfastly and uniformly refusing to vote under it, or in any way to give it their support. A numerous audience collected, and the pastor, Rev. N. R. JOHNSTON, gave us the right hand of fellowship, in the anti-slavery work, with all manliness and Christian charity. Here, too, the word was spoken with power, and some, we think, were added to the number of those who receive it as

to admission into the most respectable society of the place and to be lionized by the admirers of 'likely boys' and smart field hands. His trial would be a mere farce, and he would escape punishment."

The Boston correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* thinks the Captain is in no danger even from a Boston jury. He says:

"The farce, I suppose, will be played out; for it is a farce, and Townsend has just about the same danger of being punished that Burns had of getting his freedom. The jurisdiction dodge is already in course of use, and under it the captain will dodge the statute, which it was never meant to enforce. It was passed to conciliate the North at the time of the Missouri controversy, and was no more meant to be a live thing by the South than the North ought to allow any life to the Fugitive Slave law."

POLITICS.

Gerrit Smith was nominated as a candidate for Governor by a political Temperance Convention held at Syracuse on the 9th inst. Edward C. Delavan has also declared himself in favor of Mr. Smith.

Gov. Denver, of Kansas, has resigned. The President will doubtless appoint as his successor some unscrupulous tool of the Slave Oligarchy, who will exert all the power and influence conferred by his station to bring Kansas into the Union as a Democratic State.

The election in Vermont, last week, resulted in the choice of the Hon. Hiland Hall, Republican, for Governor, by some 16,000 majority, three Republican members of Congress (the whole delegation), a Senate unanimously Republican, and a House in which the Democrats have less than 40 representatives, while the Republicans have nearly two hundred.

In Maine, on Monday, Morrill, the Republican candidate for Governor and the present incumbent of the office, was was reelected by eight or nine thousand majority. Six Republican members of Congress (the whole delegation) were also chosen, and a State Legislature in which the same party has a majority.

The effort to effect a coalition between the Republicans and the Know-Nothings in this State has proved a failure. The project had been all nicely arranged by certain of the leaders on both sides, but the opponents of fusion, led by Thurlow Weed, played their cards with such skill that it was defeated. It seems probable now that the Democrats will elect their State ticket, whatever may be the result as to the Legislature and the Congressional delegation. E. D. Morgan, a wealthy merchant of this city, is the Republican candidate for Governor. The ostensible ground of difference between the Republicans and the Know-Nothings was in regard to the Dred Scott decision, the latter having declined to pass a resolution denouncing that decision; but the real obstacle to fusion was the conflicting ambition and personal jealousy of certain leaders. The Know-Nothings desired to shelve Seward by running up the flag of Crittenden, while the Republicans were unwilling to sacrifice their great leader to secure a nominal triumph. In spite of this failure to effect a union upon a State ticket, a strong effort will be made to unite the two parties upon common candidates for Congress and the Legislature.

The New York State Republican Convention adopted the following milk-and-water resolves, ignoring entirely the doctrine of "no more slave States," the Fugitive Slave law, slavery in the District of Columbia, and every other living issue, and confining itself to empty platitudes about excluding slavery from U. S. Territories.

Resolved, That the Republican party was called into being by an eminent public danger and an urgent public necessity—the danger of the subjection of our vast national territory to human slavery—and the necessity of resisting and the arresting that calamity.

Resolved, That the surrender of those Territories to slavery would be at once a national crime, a national disaster and national shame; and that every American, whether in the North or in the South, who lives or whose posterity must live by any other industry than that of enslaved, benighted and imbruted human chattels, every one who does not regard those who live by honest muscular exertions as necessarily the "mud-sills of society," has a deep personal interest in the triumph of our cause.

Resolved, That our attitude of active, positive, resolute resistance to slavery extension is that of our Revolutionary Fathers, and the founders of this Republic—that our doctrine and practice of legislative prohibition of slavery in the Federal Territories, was first propounded by Thomas Jefferson and heartily approved by George Washington, along with a great majority of the distinguished patriots and statesmen of the South as well as the North, and that New York, now happily a free State, cannot, without dishonor, take lower ground in opposition to the spread of our great national cancer than she deliberately assumed and unflinchingly maintained throughout her forty years of independent existence as a slave State.

Resolved, That in thus proclaiming our determined and unalterable repugnance to the extension of slavery, we disclaim all unkind feeling or ungenerous purpose toward our brethren of the South. We disclaim all intent or wish to war upon or harm them; we insist that they have no right to regard as invidious or hostile our persistence in a policy which their fathers first traced out for our fathers and themselves; and we hold that the true interest and enduring honor of every portion of the confederacy require the consecration of every remaining acre of national territory to the uses of free labor and free men.

Resolved, That the dicta propounded by the Supreme Court of the Republic in the Dred Scott decision, making every square mile of the Federal territory *prima facie* slave Territory, by increasing the facility with which such extension may be effected, deepens the obligation resting upon us to resist the extension of slavery, and, despite such dicta of the Supreme Court, we affirm the power and duty of Congress to exclude slavery from the Territories of the United States.

MR. CORWIN AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.—Our Cincinnati correspondent (an ardent Republican) endeavors to convince us of the anti-slavery reliability of Thomas Corwin, who lately joined the Republican party and received at its hands a Congressional nomination; but as he only claims that Mr. Corwin is "*as reliable as Judge McLean*," and we are perfectly willing to concede as much as that, there would seem to be no essential difference between us. How reliable Judge McLean is may be readily inferred from his infamous enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law as a Judge of the Supreme Court. It is not to be denied that the Republican party is composed of two classes, viz.: the radicals, who are determined to make the slavery question paramount in our politics, and the conservatives, who would like to put that question to rest, or subordinate it, as the Whig party did, to other issues; and we presume our correspondent will not deny that Judge McLean and Mr. Corwin are of the latter class. This fact seems to us to justify the remark we made three weeks ago in respect to Mr. Corwin, viz.: that "his influence will doubtless be exerted to lead the party yet further away from anti-slavery principles and plunge it yet deeper in the slough of compromise." His proclivities are made clear in the following extracts from his speech on receiving the Republican nomination for Congress:

"1. If there is any plank in the Republican platform which was not in the old Whig party, then I am not a Republican.

"2. The Lecompton question is decided. It was decided on Monday, the day of the Kansas election. *He considered it a settlement of the question for years to come, and thought it time to come to the consideration of other questions of grave import.* The South is tired and harrassed with the issue, for it has beaten the whole government."

Mr. Corwin went on to argue that slave States, once organized, could not be constitutionally denied admission to the Union! The danger that the little anti-slavery which the Republican party possesses will in time be all frittered away is in exact proportion to the influence exerted by Mr. Corwin and others of the same stripe.

"THE HOUR AND THE MAN" is the title of a daily journal lately established at Albany to advocate the election of Gerrit Smith as Governor of the Empire State. Its zeal is unquestionable, but its mode of conducting the campaign does not commend itself to us as the best. Toadyism, under whatever guise, is very unattractive, and a poor substitute for argument. We find that *The Hour and the Man*, though professing a high standard of integrity as a political journal, is not above the meanness of stigmatizing the Convention held last week in Utica, to consider the Cause and Cure of Evil, as a "Free Love Convention." It is disgusting indeed to find a newspaper, with Gerrit Smith's name flying at the head, uniting with the lowest and dirtiest of the party organs in throwing filth at some of the noblest reformers of the age.

AGENT FOR ILLINOIS AND IOWA.—The undersigned, Acting General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, acknowledges the reception of letters from Illinois and Iowa, in reply to inquiries he had made, and begs the writers to accept his thanks, on behalf of the cause, for the information and aid they have furnished. He would also announce to them the appointment of ANDREW T. FOSS as an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and that he is now on his way to those States. Mr. Foss will seasonably notify the friends in different places of his intended lectures.

Boston, Sept. 15, 1858. SAMUEL MAY, JR.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14th.

THE debate between Parson Brownlow, the notorious, and Rev. Abram Pryne, of Cortland County, N. Y., came off last week, according to announcement. It was held in the National Guards' Hall, Race street, above Fifth, and continued during five consecutive nights. The question was, "Ought American Slavery to be perpetuated?" Brownlow taking, of course, the affirmitive, and Mr. Pryne the negative. Each occupied an hour each evening, the affirmative opening the debate. Brownlow was laboring under a bronchial affection, which disabled him from speaking, but his part, which had been for the most part pre-written, was read by another, who, possessing a good voice and manner, was amply competent to give it its full effect.

A good deal of interest was felt by the community in the discussion, although this was not manifest in the attendance at the meetings. The hall in which this was held, it is said, is capable of seating 2,000 persons, but at no time during the discussion was there more than one-third of that number present. This is accounted for by two circumstances: first, that of the admission fee of 25 cents at the door; and, second, the invincible loathing which was felt by the people toward the ruffian Brownlow. His evil fame had preceded him. Personally a stranger to the people of Philadelphia, his character here was pretty well known and duly appreciated. The general feeling was that his insolent challenge to the North was worthy only of the contempt due to vulgar conceit, and that no decent Northern man could meet him on terms of equality without compromising his self-respect. This sentiment, you will recollect, was expressed some weeks ago in this correspondence, and it is proper here to say that nothing has occurred in the developments that have since taken place to make its correctness questionable.

In saying this, no disrespect is intended to the gentleman who, at his own instance and from his own sense of duty to the cause, consented to accept the blustering challenge. Waving all question on that point, there is nothing to be said of the manner in which the controversy was conducted on the part of Mr. Pryne that was not creditable to that gentleman. He was able and eloquent, modest and manly, and infinitely more than a match for his antagonist.

But what shall we say of Brownlow? It is admitted, on every hand, that of all men pretending to decency he is the most thorough-paced blackguard, and most unmitigated moral ruffian that ever presented himself before a Philadelphia audience. This may seem to some strong language; but if its use is not justified in this case, the terms which are objected to should be struck from the dictionary and their employment henceforth discontinued.

Brownlow brought a bad reputation with him to Philadelphia, but he will take a worse one away. There is but one opinion on this subject. There is nothing redeeming in his character—that is, so far as was made manifest in this discussion. In appearance, he is unprepossessing; in manners, ill-bred; in intellect—considering the Southern fame he enjoys—inferior; and in morals—taking his avowed sentiments as the exponent—he is absolutely revolting. In stature he is above the usual height, but lank, raw-boned and angular. His person has none of the rotundity nor his face any of the jolly good humor ascribed to Friar Tuck, but both answer better the description given by Mrs. Stowe of the overseer Legree.

While the discussion was going on, Brownlow sat, or rather reclined, upon his chair, with his feet cocked up in the direction of the audience at an angle of 90 degrees. Occasionally he would change his position, and, leaning his head against the clean wall-paper, would present his feet, by way of relief, at the head of the speaker. His profuse expectorations were excusable, perhaps, as he was laboring under an affection of his throat and lungs, but they were rather more frequent and overt than the exigencies of the case made necessary.

In argument the uncouth Tennesseean was as weak as water. He had none of the skill of our Northern casuists in making the worse appear the better reason. He literally "*tortured* the pages of Holy Writ" in his efforts to make out a divine sanction for the hoary crime of slavery. His statistics were exaggerated, his exiracts garbled, his "facts" false, and his reasoning ridiculously inconsequential. His opponent said truly when he asserted that any boy in our primary schools could have refuted his fallacies. In manner he was coarse, ribald and sometimes brutal. As for instance: Mr. Pryne had cited Frederick Douglass and Samuel R. Ward as colored men of superior intellect. "That these free negroes are men of intellect superior to my abolition brother Pryne, I don't doubt," said Brownlow; "but they might be that and yet not giants. But let me ask Mr. Pryne—he has a daughter, I believe—would he be willing that that daughter should marry the son of one of these—negroes? I insist upon an answer." "That is a question," said Mr. Pryne, when he came to reply, "so vulgar in its spirit, and in its phrase so brutal, that I will not descend to answer it. I have condescended enough in consenting to enter upon this discussion, without getting down any further." The prompt and emphatic applause of the audience testified their appreciation of this reply, and especially of the latter part of it. It was one of the best things said by Mr. Pryne in the course of the debate, and was a well ministered rebuke. But Brownlow seems to have the hide of a rhinoceros, and it is doubtful whether he felt it.

I will not attempt any further description of this controversy. It is to be published in book form with the arguments of both sides complete, for the joint benefit of the two debaters. Lippincott & Co., of this city, are to be the publishers, and it will probably be forthcoming in a fortnight from this time. It will be an instructive volume to the Northern people; not so much from the anti-slavery argument which it will contain, though that is very satisfactory and complete as far as it goes, but for the illustration the affirmative side will present of the spirit of slavery, the character of the slaveholder and the grounds on which the system is maintained and defended. Next to Brownlow himself, the greatest argument that has appeared lately against slavery is Brownlow's effort in its favor. That any fair-minded man can read that argument and not be impressed with the blasphemous nature of the system it is intended to justify, seems to me incredible. Its force in this direction is enhanced by the character of the champion who presents it. Brownlow is not merely a slaveholder, he is a clergyman, a Southern minister of the Gospel, in good and regular standing; a leading preacher in the Methodist Church South. That his claims to this character are acknowledged, is seen in the fact that, on Sunday, the 5th inst., he sat, by invitation, in the pulpit of the Rev. Joseph Castle, a distinguished Methodist minister of this city, and late a Presiding Elder. A system which can produce and maintain in reputation, as a minister of the Gospel, such a moral monster must itself be monstrous. There is no escaping this conclusion. In this view of the matter the book will no doubt do good, as the oral controversy has already done good in the same way.

Our Anti-Slavery campaign in this State has opened, and with the promise of a good deal of activity. Large meetings have been held, and others are in the course of appointment. I had the pleasure of attending one at Horsham, in Montgomery County, where the Hall was crowded to excess, and where the people listened to addresses from Lucretia Mott, Robert Collier and J. M. McKim with manifestations of the liveliest interest. On the 11th and 12th the same speakers, aided by Dr. B. Fussell, M. B. Linton and E. F. Pennypacker, addressed large meetings assembled in the woods near Lawrenceville, in East Coventry, Chester County. This was one of the largest and most interesting anti-slavery meetings that has been held in that part of the country for some years. It was gotten up chiefly by persons in connection with the "German Baptists," or "Dunkers," as they are sometimes called—a small sect, but one which has several flourishing churches in that part of Chester County. Their churches are not closed against anti-slavery meetings, and their preachers are amongst the most useful and intelligent of our coadjutors. Your paper has many subscribers among the members of this little denomination, and no where does it find more appreciative readers or more staunch supporters.

A letter just received, written by himself, brings the information that Mr. Garrison will, D. V., without fail, be at the State meeting at West Chester on the 6th, 7th and 8th of October. He also expects to be at the Ohio State meeting on the week following.

One of your correspondents, I see, has made a truculent attack upon my remarks on the Tariff. He thinks I should not have spoken till I was better informed. Perhaps he is right; but if no one were to speak until he could feel justified in saying of another, "His ignorance is quite apparent: I *do* assume to be learned in such matters, and to speak positively," who, except our friend Charles F. Hovey, could be found to write for THE STANDARD? M.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY-SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

CINCINNATI, Sept 3, 1858.

THE canvass for the State and Congressional elections in this State opened some weeks ago, and in most of the Districts the Republicans and Americans are uniting, either with or without a formal "platform," in opposition to the Democracy. The nomination of Gov. Corwin is hailed with satisfaction by many of the Republicans, especially those of Whig antecedents, and he has been publicly welcomed into the Republican party by Gov. Chase, in a meeting of the Republicans at Columbus. Many of us would have preferred the renomination of Harlan, as he has been faithful to the interests of freedom in all his acts and votes in the present Congress, and his constituents should have endorsed him by electing him at least for one term more. Mr. Corwin, however, is very popular in the District, which he formerly represented in Congress, and the people there seem to have confidence in him. Mr. Corwin, it is well known, was a personal friend of Mr. Fillmore, and the only objection urged against him is that of accepting and holding an office in the Cabinet for four years under Fillmore's Administration, and thus, it is said, virtually endorsing the Fugitive Slave law. It should be remembered, however, that when Mr. Corwin was in Congress he proved true to the cause of Freedom, both in his speeches and his votes, whenever the subject of slavery was involved, and I do not remember a single instance in which he voted with the South. If you know of any instance in which he proved unfaithful to the cause of the slave, I hope you will produce it. Now is the time to make it known. It seems to me you are somewhat too harsh in your remarks upon Mr. Corwin in THE STANDARD. Mr. Corwin was always, from principle, a Whig, and an Anti-Slavery Whig, exerting all his influence against the annexation of Texas and in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, and now declares that neither when supporting Fillmore nor at any time since has he given up any of his anti-slavery principles. In this State he is regarded by all parties as an anti-slavery man, and his late argument in the U. S. District Court in defence of Connelly is pointed to as a proof of it. It is true that that argument was a professional one, but every one who heard him on that occasion must have felt that he spoke not for the ees he might receive as an advocate, but from sincere and earnest anti-slavery convictions. He was as true to freedom as Stanley Mathews, the Prosecuting Attorney, was, on the opposite side, to slavery. Mr. Corwin doubtless still holds to his old Whig doctrines in reference to the Tariff and other measures of public policy, and would like to see them engrafted upon the Republican creed, or on that of any party he might act with. But that, he well knows, is out of the question; and as the Republican party is an anti-slavery one and really has nothing else in its platform, that, so far, he can heartily give his assent to, and therefore supports it as the best party in existence. In his address, a day or two since, at Columbus, he affirms, most emphatically, his well-known views in regard to slavery; and, in view of his antecedents, I do not see why he is not as reliable as Judge McLean, or Fremont, or many others who have been honored with office by the Republicans. I do not see why Mr. Corwin's reliability as an anti-slavery statesman should be questioned, when his avowed principles, his action when in office, and his interests as the Representative of a strong anti-Lecompton and anti-slavery District all unite to lead him to speak and vote against the Slave Power in its various schemes of aggression.

The Democratic Convention in this County (Hamilton) met yesterday, and, by acclamation, re-nominated Messrs. Pendleton and Groesbeck. The latter made an apparently bold stand in the last session of Congress against the President's Kansas policy, but finally gave his vote for the English bill. His District is the *second*, embracing the western half of this city and county, the same that was represented for two terms by John Scott Harrison. The Slave Democracy in this District are really in a minority, and, with a cordial union of the Republicans and Americans, and a good candidate, Mr. Groesbeck ought to be and can be defeated. In regard to the first District, there is little or no hope. A Union Convention of the opposition is to meet next week, at which, in all probability, Mr. Day will be nominated in the *first* and Mr. Gurley in the *second* District. These gentlemen are Republicans, and are the same that were put in nomination two years since, when the Democratic candidates were elected.

It is a subject of remark that the Democratic candidates for Congress from these two Districts are from two of the oldest and wealthiest families in the city (in the latter respect ranking next to Mr. Longworth, our only *millionaire*), and both, by education and connections, are conservative and aristocratic. On the other hand, the nominees of the Opposition are self-made men, of very moderate means, having arisen from the most common walks of life. Yet, in regard to their principles and sympathies, they best deserve the title of true Democrats.

In the Democratic County Convention no platform was adopted, nor anything said in regard to Lecompton or Kansas. It was passed over in silence, for fear of some difference of opinion. As a proof of the subserviency to the mandates of "the party" required of all office-seekers here, it may be mentioned that all candidates for nominations for County offices were required individually to pledge themselves in the Convention, previous to the ballotings, to support and vote for the entire ticket as adopted, and, if elected, to appoint none but Democrats to any office in their gift! Should any of them, after this, have scruples as to the honesty, or sobriety, or fitness of any candidate nominated, he is precluded by this pledge from striking out his name or voting for an opponent. Such is the freedom of opinion and action allowed by the patent "Democracy," so called, of this age. No wonder that it sympathizes and affiliates with the Slave Power of this nation. P.

THE AMERICAN *Abolition* SOCIETY will hold its annual meeting at Syracuse on the 29th and 30th inst.—the days next preceding the anniversary of the "Jerry Rescue." Of this Society Gerrit Smith is the President, William Goodell the Corresponding Secretary. Its doctrine is that the United States Constitution is purely anti-slavery, and that the Federal Government has power to abolish slavery in the States as well as in the United States Territories.

Summary.

The Fredericksburg *Recorder* says that the ordinance regarding dogs and negroes in that town is a dead letter and complains bitterly thereat.

John Mitchel, in his *Southern Citizen*, calls the Atlantic cable the "thrice accursed telegraph," and says, "to us the most exhilarating circumstance connected with the great event of the age is, that it can easily be ruined."

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, recently in session at Detroit, Mich., report the total expenditures of the past year at $374,889 35, and the receipts for the same period at $334,018 48, showing a deficit of $40,018 87.

A CITY GREATLY BLESSED.—The revival in Natchez, Miss., has resulted in the addition to the various evangelical churches of that city of over six hundred persons. This is almost one-tenth of the whole population, a larger proportion than in any city of its size of which we have knowledge.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* [Natchez is one of the centres of slaveholding barbarity—not less so since the revival than it was before.]

RUNAWAY NEGROES.—The following runaway negroes, belonging to residents of New Orleans, are reported to be at the State depot at Baton Rouge: Taswell and Jim, to Henry Hyams; Sam, to Jas. Barber; Lindsey, to Mr. McKinly; Bob, to Ed. Smith; Henry Robertson, to M'me Carr. At the Carrollton jail, Fredrick, to Dr. Poissan. At Thibodaux jail, Jim, to James Robinson.—*N. O. Picayune.*

EMANCIPATION OF FORTY-NINE SLAVES BY A LADY.—On Wednesday, forty-nine slaves, having been granted their manumission by a Kentucky lady (whose name our informant had fogotten), passed through Covington in charge of Dr. Price, on their way to Green County, O. They came from Fayette County, Ky., and consisted mainly of women and children. With this batch the emancipated colony of Green County number now eight hundred and forty-nine.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

We learn that the owners of the James Buchanan, a slaver built and fitted out in the Delaware river, in sight of our dwelling, have become apprehensive of loss since the capture of the Echo. But the James Buchanan has made four successful voyages since 1856, and cleared $400,000. Two of the owners were the supporters of Fremont for the Presidency. So we go. Our readers may be incredulous—nevertheless we state nothing but facts.—*Southern Monitor. Phil., Sept.* 11.

THE UNION IN DANGER!—We find among the names of the persons who participated in the discussion in the Democratic Convention, this forenoon, that of a gentleman who took a prominent part in the rescue of the fugitive slave Shadrach, which Mr. Webster said was a levying of war against the United States; and several of the most importunate office-seekers that haunted the State House in the days of the coalition administration. Whether the Union still exists or not is not yet decided, but it is very evident its offices "still live," and pay.—*Boston Traveller.*

MR. WEBSTER SINGING ZIP COON.—The New York *Tribune* says a great friend of the late Mr. Webster has said that he never thought the statesman and orator so admirable as when, under a summer sunset, a party of them rowed home to Marshfield from a fishing and chowder excursion, and Mr. Webster, jolliest among the jolly, with his great, hearty voice, made the shores resound to the singing of "Zip Coon." With what a Titanic comicality that negro song came from his lips, and how they roared with laughter, the performer, perhaps, enjoying it the most of them all!

HOW NEW CALEDONIA WAS SETTLED.—The following rhymes are afloat in the Canadian press, and are considered apt and pointed:

The Temptation.

New Caledonia's Governor unto himself said he:
"Great stories told of heaps of gold will settle this countree.
For there be hosts of jolly greens who never stop to think—
Who blindly swallow every hook that is hid in printer's ink."

The Result.

Full thirty thousand brawny men to Frazer river run,
And find that Yankee Doodle-*do* is Yankee Doodle-*done.*

PARKE GODWIN'S "FRANCE."—The Harpers have in press, we learn, and will publish in the course of the present autumn, the first volume of a General History of France, by Mr. Parke Godwin. It is understood that Mr. Godwin has been engaged many years in the preparation of this work, to which he has given nearly all his time and the most patient and industrious researches. He has begun at the beginning—that is, with a full account of ancient Gaul—and intends bringing the narrative down to the time of the great Revolution.

THE GRANDSON OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.—The London correspondent of *The Evangelist*, in giving an account of a three days' revival meeting in the town of Barnett, says:

"Among those present and who spoke was Dr. Hamilton, the eminent divine of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in London, and author of 'Life in Earnest.' Rev. Mr. Arnold, an estimable and young Episcopal brother, also took an active part, and added greatly to the interest and spirituality of the meetings. You will be interested with the fact that he is grandson of Arnold, the American traitor, and the only male heir who survives him. He has a sister married, and they inherit a large tract of land in Canada from their grandfather.

THE OCEAN HARP.—The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop once spoke of the Atlantic Telegraph as the grand ocean harp. Widesworth thus writes:

"Oh, grandest miracle of time,
What mighty joy will spring,
When men of diverse tongue and clime
Shall listen to the heave ly chime
That sounds the strains of peace sublime
Upon a single string."

Old Roger, on reading the above, asked the Professor if he knew the key-note on which that string was tuned. He allowed that he did not. "Why, it is very plain," said the jolly old fellow, "that it must be on the lower C." As this joke is about sixteen thousand feet deep, all are not expected to fathom it.—*Boston Gazette.*

HAYTI INVITED TO SEND A DIPLOMATIC ENVOY TO THE UNITED STATES.—A commercial correspondent writes from Portau-Prince under date of the 19th ult. that "two American men-of-war are at this place on the Navasa Island affair. Nothing is yet decided. The commander of the Saratoga has declared to the Government that he has been sent to protect the Americans on Navasa, and that if the Haytien Government has any reclamations to make on the subject, it must address itself to the Government at Washington."

Of course this may be considered a fair invitation to send a Haytien envoy to Washington.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

SELLING LIQUOR TO SLAVES.—The Donaldson (La.) *Vigilant* of the 29th ult. refers at length to the subject, and states that so many evils have resulted to the slaves in the parish of St. James from the numerous violations of the law forbidding, under severe penalties, the selling of spirituous liquors to them, that the planters formed a Vigilance Committee to break up all stores suspected in the matter. They have given notice to leave to every person concerned in selling whiskey to negroes; and where this notice was disregarded, they have enforced it with an application of tar and feathers. The storekeepers have also organized and armed to resist these active proceedings, and at last dates a conflict between the two parties appeared imminent.

NIGER VALLEY EXPLORING PARTY OF CHATHAM, C. W.—Dr. Martin R. Delany has been appointed as Commissioner of the "Niger Valley Exploring Party," with Robert Douglass, Esq., Artist, and Prof. Robert Campbell, Naturalist, both of Philadelphia, U. S. The party at present consists of the above named three gentlemen, who were appointed by the Executive Board of the permanent Organization for the promotion of the interests of the Colored People of the United States and Canada—established by the Cleveland Convention, 1854—which appointment is co-operative with a selection of the same persons, by a new Independent Emigration Association, originating in Wisconsin. They are expected to sail for Africa some time this fall, to return in the course of next year and report.—*Provincial (Canada) Freeman.*

COLORED MILITIA.—Robert Morris and sixty-four other colored persons in Boston presented a petition to the Executive Council yesterday to be organized as a military company. The petitioners had leave to withdraw on the ground that to grant their request would be a violation of the statute which limits the number of the volunteer militia of the Commonwealth to 5,000 men.

We had thought that Mr. Morris was a man of too much sense to desire to be enrolled among our fair-weather military companies. But it seems there are some foolish notions left among colored as well as white folks.—*New Bedford Standard.*

BARBARITY OF THE UNITED STATES TOWARDS WITNESSES.—In our legal reports will be found an account of a proceeding before Judge Betts for the discharge of an English sailor boy, only fifteen years of age, who has been confined upwards of eight months in the Eldridge Street Prison, as a witness on behalf of the United States. A friend who visited him tells us that he found him without shoes or stockings, complaining that the slivers of the floor ran into his feet and made them bleed; that he had had no shoes for months. The last, it was ascertained, were destroyed by the rats. Mr. Archibald, the British Consul at this port, addressed a petition for his release to the United States District Judge, who very properly rebuked the barbarous practice complained of by directing an order to that effect to be entered at once.—*Evening Post.*

TWO INTERESTING RELICS OF THE OLDEN TIME have recently been discovered and brought to public notice. One is the uncouth balance-wheel of John Fitch's engine for his first steamboat, which made repeated trips on the Delaware, between this city and Trenton, in 1786 and thereabouts, twenty-one years anterior to Fulton's boat on the Hudson. The other is the old table on which the Declaration of Independence was signed by the immortal fifty-six. The chair which John Hancock occupied on that occasion, as President of Congress, has long been preserved at Harrisburg, and there, too, the venerable table has also turned up. If my memory serves me, the pen that recorded so many immortal autographs is also preserved by some careful antiquarian. This trio of relics should be collected in the Patent Office at Washington, and there take position around the Declaration itself.—*Phil. Cor. Tribune.*

FROM CALIFORNIA.—By the arrival of the Star of the West, we have the California mails of Aug. 20, two weeks later than our previous dates. The steamer brings $1,700,000 in gold. The Frazer river excitement has come to a sudden termination, and many of the runaways in the recent stampede have returned to their accustomed diggings. The latest reports from the new mining region announce great distress among the emigrants. The scarcity of food almost amounted to a famine. Late news reported dog-meat to be selling at 50 cents a pound, and scarce at that. Little gold was found, on account of the height of the water, and the Indians were a constant annoyance to the miners. No doubt, however, was felt as to the richness of the Frazer river mines, and a new attack of the gold fever was anticipated. Business in California was improving.

SAVING GODLINESS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—Those who have mourned over the political degeneracy of the day may take comfort. Mr. Hallett has discovered the remedy. In his speech at the Democratic Convention, he said:

"He desired to have Democratic principles prevail in Massachusetts, in order to bring her up to the true standard of States. As it is, Massachusetts is a very small State, when you get a hundred miles away from her. What sort of influence has Massachusetts anywhere? She is degraded and despised; and the only thing that saves this political Sodom is the mass of true and faithful and holy men that are in the Democratic party. If it was not for that, fire would descend and Massachusetts would be consumed in her iniquity. But we do not mean to leave her; we mean to stay and drive out the heathen and restore the promised land" (applause).

INCREASE OF MINISTERS.—More than sixty young men entered the Princeton Theological Seminary last week, or have expressed their intention to do so at once. The session opened on Thursday, Sept. 2, and the new students matriculated. This is the largest number ever received at any one time into this venerable Institution, and perhaps the largest class that has ever been admitted into a Theological Seminary in this country. We hear from other theological semiuaries that unusually large numbers of students are expected, but we have not, at this moment, the precise numbers admitted. Allegheny Seminary is to have more than a hundred students in all classes, being a large increase. It is natural to attribute this augmented supply of candidates for the ministry to the revival of religion in the land.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A MIGHTY MEAN MAN.—The St. Louis *Democrat* tells of a colored family who were driven from their home on the Illinois shore during the late freshet, and who were forced to take up a temporary residence in St. Louis. Free negroes are not allowed to live in Missouri without license and they had none. This neglect was discovered by a very enterprising lawyer, who at once procured the arrest of these "drowned out" trespassers, and caused them to pay over every cent they could scrape, on peril of going to jail—to be whipped out or sold as slaves. Their fines being paid, and they having made preparations to depart, they found themselves accidentally detained a few hours beyond their prescribed three days. Thereupon the limb of the law again caused their arrest and had them subjected to fines as before. They finally escaped to Illinois. This is about the meanest act, even for a lawyer, that we have chronicled in a long time.

RIOT IN DETROIT AMONG THE COLORED POPULATION.—The Detroit *Advertiser* contains an account of a great excitement among the colored population of that city, in regard to the appearance in their midst of the negro Brodie, who, it is alleged, decoyed two colored men back to Kentucky, where they had formerly been held in slavery, and delivered them to their master, receiving a round sum for the job. A warrant was got out for his arrest, and as soon as the news spread among the colored people they assembled in large numbers, greatly excited, and indulging in violent demonstrations. When the officers were taking the prisoner to jail, several strong attempts were made by the crowd to get possession of Brodie, amid shouts of "kill him," "murder the villian," &c. Five of the ringleaders, including one woman, were arrested, and this, together with the prompt action of the officers who had the prisoner in charge, had an effect to quell the riotous proceedings. Brodie was worth $10,000, and generally respected among the whites. *The Advertiser* says it will be impossible for him to remain in Detroit, or anywhere in the North. [This Brodie is the scoundrel who betrayed the slaves lately captured at Cincinnati, of which see an account in the last STANDARD.]

THE SLAVE TRADE SQUADRON.—It appears from a Parliamentary return just issued that in 1854 12 ships, with 992 officers and men, were engaged in the suppression of the slave trade on the west coast of Africa; in 1855, 12 ships, with 1,082 officers and men; in 1856, 13 ships, with 1,222 officers and men; in 1857, 16 ships, with 1,424 officers and men; at the Cape of Good hope, in 1854, 4 ships, with 475 officers and men; in 1855, 5 ships, with 775 officers and men; in 1856, 3 ships, with 760 officers and men; and in 1857, 3 ships, with 610 officers and men; North America and West Indies in 1854, 11 ships, with 1,650 officers and men; 1855, 12 ships, with 2,466 officers and men; 1856, 14 ships, with 2,842 officers and men; and in 1857, 9 ships, 3 363 officers and men; on the south-east coast of America, in 1854, 6 ships, with 541 officers and men; 1855, 6 ships, with 905 officers and men; 1856, 7 ships, with 1,200 officers and men; and in 1857, 6 ships, with 1,335 officers and men. The total deaths on the four stations were 43 in 1854, 52 in 1855, 116 in 1856, and 141 in 1857. The numbers invalided were 136 in 1854; 192 in 1855; 201 in 1856; and 179 in 1857. In slaves, for whom head money was paid, were 62 in 1854; none in 1855; 19 in 1856; and 384 in 1857. In none of the years was any head money paid for dead slaves.

AN EDITOR'S LIFE SAVED BY A DOG.—A friend informs us that Thomas Drew, Esq., of the Worcester *Spy*, came alarmingly near being gored to death by a bull, a few days since. Mr. Drew has on his pleasant farm near Worcester a favorite Albany bull. One day Mr. D. and his wife were looking at the stock in the barn, and his wife remarked how ferocious this animal looked. "O, no, my dear," said our friend Drew, "he is perfectly docile." And to illustrate this *fact*, Mr. D. entered the stall and began to pat his favorite on the neck. The animal, as if to belie his master's assertions and his own usual good conduct, turned upon his attendant with a ferocity hitherto undisplayed. One of his horns, which fortunately had a ball or button on its point, struck Mr. Drew on the thigh, and, raking upwards across the abdomen, made a large and unpleasant contusion. Mr. Drew was next thrown prostrate on the floor, and the

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

TO W. L. GARRISON.

BY JOHN A. DORGAN.

I would a worthier pen than mine
Had chosen thee for its theme,
But who, of all whom we misdeem
Poets, can sing a life like thine?

A nobler life than they have dreamed
May well remain unsung,
Until a greater race is sprung,
Until a brighter day has beamed.

They weep, by tombs of buried days,
Greatness which is not fled;
Their hearts are with the happy dead—
The living, let the future praise.

Or, if they sing of those who live,
They sing the tyrant's praise:
My curse upon their sordid lays,
And may Oblivion ne'er forgive.

Oh, let us reverence the past,
But not the past alone;
The greater present is our own;
Before us lies the future vast.

Praise be to him, who for the truth
Dared all in days of old;
Nor word of cheer from him withhold,
The iconoclast, who, without ruth,

Smites sceptred Sin before our sight,
While every worshipper,
Who bowed, as unto God, to her,
Utters his ineffectual spite!

But what to thee is praise or blame?
The quiet of the heart
Is thine, which never shall depart;
Which, being felt, is more than fame;

Which of desert alone is won;
Nor ever idly waits,
A suppliant at unopening gates,
Till envy death to death has done.

Philadelphia, August 9, 1858.

A WIFE BY ADVERTISEMENT.

A STORY OF 1758.

My grandfather was appointed rector of a little village in Nottinghamshire in the year 1758. I am myself an old man, having memories of more or less importance attached to every year of this century; and I could box, wrestle, play cricket, and had even made speeches against the Jacobins, before eighteen hundred was born or thought of.

A clergyman's life was not quite so strict a matter a hundred years ago as it is to-day. The priests neither cared to rule themselves by so high a standard as our modern clergy do, nor was it expected of them by their flocks. Mr. Hume's *Essays* had a great influence among those younger clergy who thought, and the customs and laws of "the town" among those who did not think. Though this was an evil of a tremendous kind, there was one benefit in it which we are apt now-a-days to overlook—the clergy had more sympathy with those persons who would not come immediately under their influence than they have under the present system. It is thought very shocking now for a priest to be seen in the theatre, and scarcely less so at the opera-house; while, if he were to visit Cremorne or Rosherville Gardens, or Highbury Barn, it is most likely his congregation would take such offence that they would move away in a flock as multitudinous and final as a migration of swallows. But in my grandfather's time, priests and actors were found in daily communion; indeed, such men as Bishop Warburton and David Garrick were friends; even Mr. Whitfield desired his people to go to the comical Ned Shuter's benefit, as that celebrated actor was a "gracious soul";* and the sons of other clergymen than Dr. Primrose went upon the stage as a means of livelihood: while every country rector who came up to town made a point of seeing Mr. Mossop and Mr. Garrick in Shakspeare's plays, and of visiting Vauxhall and Ranelagh.

Just such a time of visiting London had come to my grandfather in the spring of 1758. He was then in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and resolved to enjoy himself for a time on the strength of his recent presentation. He had never been in town before; the nearest approach he had made to metropolitan pleasures were such as his restricted allowance had afforded him during his studentship at Cambridge. Hence it was he was resolved not merely to have a dip, but a thorough plunge, into the amusements of London.

Accordingly, he went to Drury Lane, and saw Mr. Mossop in *Hamlet*, and Mr. Garrick in a whole series of characters. He saw Mr. Barry in *Richard III.* at Covent Garden. He was present when Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Clive appeared in the new play of *The Upholsterer, or what News?* and saw the quidnunc of the day ruining himself by trembling for the ruin of the nation. He was at Mr. Shuter's benefit in the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, which had not been acted for so long. He went to the entertainment at Marybone Gardens, and the wire-rope dancing, and concerts on the Jew's-harp at Sadler's Wells. He drank the waters with the genteel company at Islington Spa. He heard Handel's *Acis and Galatea* at Ranelagh, visited the Camel and Dromedary, saw the moving figure of the great king of Prussia, and every other rarity with which the town was amusing itself.

There was one thing which was a matter of perpetual unrest to my grandfather; namely, that he was unmarried. He had those manners which are pleasant to ladies, or, as it would have been expressed in his days, to the sex; he was well made in limb, and somewhat handsome in feature; of a very affable disposition; not given to drinking, gaming, or attending the cockpit; only a little partial to the races; ready always either for cards or for dancing; indeed, the sort of young gentleman ladies were supposed to like. Yet he could find no lady answering to that standard his eyes and his heart set up. He wished for one of a gay and pleasant disposition, yet free from those vices which the ladies of the plays, novels, essays and memoirs of the age possess and exhibit so sadly—one, in fact, who did not make *the town* her rule of life; who would find more delight in the society of a loving husband than in the meeting-places of the beaux; who yet would pay some attention to fashion and to personal graces; who would be agreeable, if not a beauty: last, and I fancy far from least, he wished her to have some nice little sum at her own disposal. All this we have seen set down in private records which the old gentleman has left us. Indeed, my mother has told me that she believes he once worked up these requisitions into an advertisement, and inserted them in the *Public Advertiser*. If so, it brought him no wife, although, through the medium of another advertisement, he became acquainted with that estimable lady to whom in the second degree I owe my existence. Advertising for wives, and even for husbands, was not unusual a century ago, as every one who has had occasion to search newspapers of that date well knows. A very odd and pleasant collection might be formed from their columns.

Like many other young gentlemen of the period who came up from the provinces to spend a little time and money in London, my grandfather the rector thought it not improbable that, in so plentifully stocked a society, he might perchance run across a wife. The wish was entered in his diary the night before he started. Now the custom is reversed. Our city-clerk, with the air and talk of a capitalist, and the costume of a beau, rushes into the country at Easter, Whitsuntide, or Christmas; finds his way into the simple susceptible heart of a country maiden, woos her, adds visit to visit, and condescends to wed her; for she believes it a condescension, until the slow process of marriage-troubles reveals to her the painful sight and sense of her own superiority. Gentlemen were bolder in my grandfather's days than they are in mine; and ladies also. If either saw a person of opposite sex at church, at the theatre, Ranelagh, or elsewhere, they very often made signal of admiration or invitation too plain to be doubted. This was indeed one of the things which aided young men of property and title in their frightful "affairs of gallantry," and is the pivot and turning-point in all the memoirs, comedies, novels and magazine-stories of that time.

One evening, in the summer of 1758, my grandfather betook himself to Vauxhall. He had seen very many young demoiselles during his stay in town; but he had as yet received no wound which the spear of Telephus alone could heal. He had been also to Vauxhall two or three evenings previously, and had glanced and ogled with all the earnestness and pertinacity of an unengaged man; but this fateful evening put a close to all these wanderings and uncertainties. While he was looking backwards and forwards with his customary inquisitiveness, a young lady entered between two gentlemen, who suddenly drew his roving eyes to herself, and unwittingly kept them fixed there during the whole performance. Before he looked for it, my poor grandfather was overcome.

As soon as the songs were over, he followed her from the orchestra to the banqueting-room, and through the long leafy colonnades, with their myriads of little lamps. He stopped when she stopped. When the company were rushing to see the water-works, he kept close to her; and every time she looked at him—and she did so frequently, by choice or chance—he assumed a most serious, speaking and melancholy countenance.

It was a great sorrow to him when he saw the young lady take her departure, and marked her into her coach. However, he resolved to assure himself of her dwelling-place, and began to picture himself asking the consent of a father or a guardian, or opposing a rival, wealthier and more favored than himself. He jumped into a coach, and bade the driver follow that in which the young lady had seated herself. But he was not to succeed so easily. The night was foggy when they started; it gradually grew denser; and before they had reached Westminster, my grandfather's coachman turned round and called out that he had quite lost sight of the chase. So he was ordered by my hurt and disconsolate relative to drive to the coffee-house at which he was staying.

This was by no means the first young lady whose bright eyes had stricken my grandfather in public places. Other young ladies he forgot, after a good supper, or at the sight of a fresh face, or at the thought how impossible it would be to know them, or by consideration of the difference there is between looking a beauty and being good. But he could not forget the maiden of Vauxhall. He lost his appetite, not only for town delicacies, but also for town amusements. At last, after three days of suffering, during which, it must be confessed, he neither wished nor tried to heal himself, he sought consolation, and kept hope from starving, by inserting the following in the *Public Advertiser*:

"A young lady who was at Vauxhall last Tuesday night, in company with two elderly gentlemen, could not but observe a young clergyman, who, being near her at the orchestra during the performance, and especially at the last song, gazed upon her with the utmost attention. He earnestly hopes, if unmarried, she will favor him with a line directed to V. V., at the bar of the Temple-exchange Coffee-house, to inform him whether fortune, family, character, and profession may not entitle him, upon further knowledge, to hope an interest in her heart. He begs she will pardon the method he has taken to let her know the situation of his mind, as, being a stranger, he despaired of doing it in any other way, or even of seeing her more. As his views are founded on the most honorable principles, he presumes to hope the occasion will justify, if she generously breaks through this trifling formality of the sex, rather than, by a cruel silence, render unhappy one who must ever expect to continue so, if debarred from a nearer acquaintance with her, in whose power alone it is to complete his felicity."

Unluckily, this advertisement was either not seen by the young lady, or, if seen, the young gentleman had been unnoticed, or, if noticed, she had not found in herself any corresponding desire towards him. My grandfather was so solemnized by this sudden love, and the hopeless issue of it, that he could find no pleasure in theatres, gardens, or routs, and actually sought his excitement for the next fortnight in attending daily prayers at the Abbey, the Temple Church, St. Andrew's on Holborn Hill, or St. Paul's. After that time he began to reason with himself that she might go often to the places whither the town resorted, and that another chance meeting at the theatres, or at Ranelagh, if not very likely, was still not quite impossible. This was the last straw in sight of his rapidly sinking hope.

Accordingly he went; at first, blind and dumb to whatever was played or sung before him, unmoved alike by Garrick and Mrs. Clive in the merriest farces, and by the compositions of Handel and Dr. Arne; but, by degrees, these reinterested him; next, he glanced at the bright faces with their mighty *capriolets*, their "post-chaise and horses, chair and chairmen" on their heads in the boxes; he began to find himself curable; and he returned to Nottinghamshire, though a slightly altered, still a very merry man; he amused himself reading, on his road, the two new volumes of *Tristam Shandy* by his brother in orders, the Rev. Laurence Sterne.

My grandfather had been absent from his cure exactly two months, during which time his very light and easy duties were taken by an unbeneficed friend, a schoolmaster in Nottingham, and man of high repute at Cambridge. These consisted in riding over on Sunday morning, putting on a clerical wig kept in the sacristy, and a surplice much more like a smock-frock than that habiliment recognized by ecclesiologists as the officiating costume of an English priest, and reading a sermon of Dr. Sherlock's on the evidences of Christianity, to a few old women, a dozen framework knitters, and a number of children, who, as they perceived neither the drift nor the need of it, thought it mightily learned. Pastoral visitation was an exercise my grandfather, at this polite period of his life, conceived quite unnecessary; and frequent non-residence was not only not a sin, but a laudable and gentlemanlike habit in the town season; and, if funds permitted, in the Bath and Matlock season also.

To these not onerous duties my grandfather returned with a heart almost whole. There was just a scratch in that organ—I can scarcely call it a wound—which gave him a little smart at eve and in solitude, in all such idle times and conditions as court memory. To get rid of this he made twilight lively by inviting an old college friend, a county captain, or one of the pupils of the Nottingham tutor, to stay with him; and, when no visitor was to be had, by smoking his pipe at the Lord Ligonier Arms. He also added to his light clerical tasks the heavier avocation of an angler; and often, when his parishioners were taking their dogs ratting along the Trent-side on summer-evenings, they came upon their solitary priest with his fishing-rod, who, although he looked upon apostolical succession in that sense in which the non-jurors and the Romanists held it, as quite beneath the notice of a man of taste and ton, very frequently found himself their successor in the piscatorial act of toiling all day and catching nothing.

Just at this time some leading political persons in the county were using great efforts to start a new church and anti-gallican newspaper for the midland district—I forget its name. Like so many of modern date, it was just got to move, strutted a little way, bragged of its power and vitality, and suddenly dropped down dead. The promoters mainly depended on the support of the squirearchy and clergy; letters were addressed to all these persons; amongst others, consequently, to my grandfather. He was delighted—it came to him in the light of that deliverance from *ennui* which he had long been looking for. He not only promised to use his utmost efforts to further its circulation among his clerical brethren, but also volunteered his services as contributor.

I have in my possession a book of printed slips from this newspaper, being the entire series of my grandfather's contributions to it. They consist mainly of panegyrics on Frederick the Great, at that time the most popular man in England. These are a specimen of their titles: A Sketch of the Life of that Grand Character who is the Hope of Europe (the king of Prussia); the Protestant Hero (the king of Prussia); an Essay on the Literary Labors of the Great Philosophical Monarch (the king of Prussia); the Scourge of Superstition: an Ode to the King of Prussia; Tribulator Gallise: an Ode to the Great Frederick; Cæsar Outdone, or a History of the Battles of our Magnanimous Ally (the king of Prussia).

To these are appended a series of papers, some in print, and some only in manuscript, imagined by my well-meaning grandfather to be in the style of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; but they are not of that use for the illustration of the middle of the eighteenth century which those inimitable papers are for that of its commencement, or I should either have published them or presented them to our national library at the Museum.

Every Thursday morning, if my grandfather had not started very much earlier to fetch it, a lad came over from the printer's at Nottingham with this paper. In February 1759, the twentieth week after its birth, and seventh before its death, the boy brought the small quarto, as the young rector was dressing himself for a day's shooting in Lord Byron's park at Newstead, the noble owner* of which, six years afterwards, killed his neighbor, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel. With him in his bedroom, making sarcastic remarks on every article of dress as he put it on, at every glance he gave towards his legs, or in the mirror, were his friends Captain Clayton, that renowned marksman, and the Nottingham tutor, who had been confessor and adviser in that delicate matter of the heart which occurred to my relative when in London. He lengthened the already too-extended and too-interrupted dressing-time, by occasional glances at the newspaper; a paragraph, and then a turn at the toilet; another paragraph, and then the toilet again. News, however, was the smallest matter in those days. "Our own correspondent" was not yet allowed the honor of having his entire communication appear in print; the editor skimmed the cream off it, which he presented to the readers after his own confection. Hence it was that the rector had soon finished the news, and begun upon the advertisements. There was not that number which appeared in the London papers, and what there was was a puddle compared with the ocean we are used to in this day; but the advertisers in this midland print averaged from three to six. Prominently, amid these few, stood forth the following:

"If any young clergyman, somewhat agreeable in person, and who has a small independent fortune, can be well recommended as to strictness of life and good temper, firmly attached to this present happy establishment, and is willing to engage in the matrimonial estate, with an agreeable young lady, in whose power it is to bestow £100 per annum—any person whom this may suit, may call at the second house in Berkeley street within four days of this advertisment, having previously left a line directed to A. Z. at the same house."

This smote my grandfather with such a sudden, peculiar and visible effect that both his friends inquired if there was any very astounding news in the paper. He laughed, and said there was an advertisement for himself. He tossed it over to them, telling them to read the second from the top. While they were doing so, he himself was the channel of a whole flood of unexpected thoughts and resolutions. Here was the perpetual cure for the unavoidable *ennui* of village life, the longed-for talisman to make the rectory house endurable, nay, even sunny and gladsome. A London lady, too; not like some rich Nottinghamshire damsels he had been introduced to, who had twice been to the country town, and who thought themselves the cynosure of all eyes in their grandmother's seldom worn pinner. True, it was a lottery; and among so many he was likely to lose after all. He felt disinclined for the rook-shooting.

The captain began immediately to rally him on this advertisement, saying he was evidently fore-appointed to fit its standard. He spoke the very thoughts that were in my relative's own mind. He advised him to set off for town to-morrow, and be in the field before any hungry London curate had snapped her up. "You will be a fool, if you don't try," said he; "it will but be an adventure if you lose. But" (with a military and fashionable expletive), he added, "you are sure to win, old boy."

My grandfather appealed to his clerical friend.

"I will say nothing," said he. "You ought to remember what fine things you have told me over and over again about a certain young lady; undying love, and so on."

The captain informed the younger clergyman that the elder, "like all other schoolmasters, was an ass, and spoke to men as if they were lads." A controversy ensued between the priest and the soldier; in which (my grandfather's inclination being on that side, and his opponent also doggedly dumb as to reasons for not going) the man of the sword got the best. He said he would excuse the young parson from the shooting, and so give him time to make ready for starting by to-morrow's coach. The elder parson said he should fulfil a promised call on the father of one of his pupils, and should go into Bedfordshire by to-day's coach, if he could get back to Nottingham in time. Accordingly, the captain and my grandfather sat down to breakfast, and the tutor mounted his horse, saying, as he rode off, "he was sure his friend would sleep off his Quixotic notion of rushing after an unknown lady of untold, and therefore, of pretty advanced age."

My anxious relative, however, arrived in town by the next coach, bought a new wig and suit, and, having left a letter proclaiming his hopes, called at the address mentioned in the advertisement. He was shown into a room handsomely furnished, and hung with Mr. Hogarth's new prints of the Election, which had only been published a few weeks. Here he sat down in great trepidation, and waited for above twenty minutes, during which time he first gave cool consideration to some of the less pleasant possibilities of his adventure—the chance of the lady being much older than himself, or marked with the small-pox, or stammering, or lame, or possibly squinting hideously.

At last the door-handle sounded, and the door flew open. Guess his surprise when his friend the tutor from Nottingham marched in. My grandfather at first blushed up to his eyes. "What! we were to appear as rivals, then?" he stammered out—perceiving at the same time *why* his friend, if he might any longer call him so, had dissuaded him, and stolen a march to London under feint of Bedfordshire. In a moment, however, he consoled himself by a comparison of his own person and age with that of his treacherous brother in orders. These thoughts made him silent, and, for a minute or two, also forgetful of his awkward position. Should they see the young lady alone, or together? Had they no other rivals? Possibly, she was desirous of a Nottinghamshire husband, and had advertised in no other newspaper.

The elder clergyman burst out laughing. At this my grandfather was aroused, and laughed also—more, however, to take off his nervousness than from spontaneous sympathy.

"My dear Jack," said the tutor, "I see I must give in; I shall stand no chance against a brisk young fellow like you." And he sprang up and abruptly left the room. My grandfather heard his laugh on the stairs. He began to see that he was being hoaxed, and felt bewildered. How the squires, captains, and parsons would laugh at him!

A moment after, the tutor reappeared, leading in a young lady. How shall I tell my grandfather's surprise? It was that very same maiden whom he had watched and followed at Vauxhall, and sighed after so many times since. To this first happy perception soon followed the second.

"Armida, my love—my dearest friend, the Reverend John Grantley."

"Jack, my lad—my dear little niece."

The explanation is very short. The merry old clergyman had perceived from Grantley's clear description, at his very first confession, that the young lady by whom he had been smitten was his own niece, a native of Nottingham, at that time staying in London with his two brothers the lawyers, and with them going the round of town amusements. She had returned to Nottingham before my grandfather. The further he thought himself from her, the nearer he really was—a consideration which often filled his confessor with inward laughter. She had frequently seen him from her father's window; had heard him preach in St. Peter's, though hidden from him by the Christmas bushes and the deep wooden walls. She had even been in her uncle's house one day when the young rector called there, and was bent upon seeing and speaking with him; but her determined relative sent her home, promising to arrange an introduction before the month was out. She confessed she liked the look and constancy of her admirer, and entered heartily into her uncle's merry scheme of the advertisement. The captain was taken into counsel as accomplice, and agreed to urge my grandfather to the departing point. There was no fear of any other clergyman answering the advertisement; for the circulation was too lamentably small, and the contriver knew the habits and property of every other clerical subscriber.—*Chambers's Journal.*

For The Standard.

OLDER STILL.

"Or where"—why dost ask?—"are the old blossoms rare;
The lithe willows of old, 'neath the elm-branches waving;
The gay vines that once clustered, all loving and fair,
Under trees which their feet in the lakelet were laving?

What meaneth the leafless old creeper, that twines
In wild serpentine folds round this mildewing column?"
List!—those mossy old trunks, these gnarled old vines,
Have answer, dear querist! as cheerful as solemn.

"Look above!" cries the grape; "see my canopy green!
Catch the odor it droppeth, so subtile and charming
In its mignionette likeness; with the frost may be seen
Some rich purple fruitage, these blossoms embalming."

"Higher still!" the gray boles: "see our leaf-shelter spread,
Till the stars and the sunbeams peep in with sweet wonder
That caprice should recall the dense wilderness dead,
And relink the old chain the strong blade cut asunder.

The bright chain electric which draws souls above
Thro' our green, living tracery—God's temple's adorning—
To look for their guerdon alone in His love,
And wait the pure bloom that must bide a new morning."

Then look with me, friend! gaze above and beyond,
And the blossoms will find us, despite the cool shadow:
They will come from the garden, the mountain, the pond;
They will wait on the grange, over upland and meadow.

They will lift their meek eyes to the blithe, sheltered bird,
That feareth no danger, nor knoweth of cages:
If some fade in a day, their soft beauty interred,
In its fragrance shall live, in the shrines of the ages.

Milney, June 28, 1858. A. P. C.

"OLD HUNDRED."

In a rustic old church opposite, while we write, a company of worshipers are singing the old, old hymn, "Be thou, O God, exalted high." The air is old, also; the immortal "Old Hundred."

If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of immortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration: "They are singing 'Old Hundred' now."

The solemn strain carries us back to the time of the Reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his own stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence it cannot die! Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lay that have not sung that tune? If they were gray, old men, they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes, they smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep singing "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation, where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl whose tombstone told of sixteen summers, she whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved "Old Hundred," and, as she sang it, closed her eyes, and seemed communing with the angels who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering steps ascended the pulpit stairs with white hand placed over his laboring breast, loved "Old Hundred." And though sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The dear white-headed father, with his tremulous voice! how he loved "Old Hundred." Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm-chair, his arms crossed over the top of his cane, his silvery locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheeks, as the noble strains ring out? Do you hear that thin, quivering, faltering sound, now bursting forth, now listened for, almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by fourscore years in the Master's cause, "Old Hundred" sounds indeed a sacred melody.

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by young and old all together. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the dying beds of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation has worshiped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried, and laid before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower top—the very air is haunted with its spirit.

Think, for a moment, of the assembled company who have, at different times and in different places, joined in the familiar tune! Throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds!

"Old Hundred!" king of the sacred band of ancient airs. Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing or our tongues of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strain that welcomes us may be:

"Be thou, O God, exalted high!"

LETTERS.

There are few things by which the flight of time is more sensibly measured than by the difference of feeling with which at various periods of our lives we indite or receive Letters. In the dawn of life, indeed, as at its close, we have the greatest unwillingness to set pen to paper at all; but the causes of the disinclination are quite different. In those very early times, we are not perhaps confident about our *ps* and *qs*; whether our *ls* should have a loop in them, or whether the personal pronoun should be a little *i* or a big one. Our spelling is entirely phonetic; and maybe we are not unconscious of our want of ear even for the attainment of *that* accomplishment; while, in addition, we are sure to have some misunderstanding with our own middle finger, which the writing-master requires us to straighten, and which Nature as imperatively demands shall be kept bent. Unhappy epoch of pothooks and hangers, how well do we remember it! when we could not persuade our teacher that a child could possibly be near-sighted, and "Sit up, sir! *will* you sit up, sir?" sounded so implacably in our ears. How nose and chin followed closely that serious pen of ours in all its rounded turns and exquisite up-strokes! How our lips, through a sense of the overwhelming importance of the task, formed themselves into the shape for whistling—when whistling, goodness knows, was far from our thoughts—as it delicately dotted the *is*! How our whole face accompanied its horizontal movements, when it crossed—not the Rubicon, but—the Tees! Still, what we had to write, we wrote willingly enough; albeit, for the above reasons, and because composition itself was not at that time a very easy matter, our epistles were not of the longest; the paper superficies they covered was indeed considerable, but they did not in those early school-days contain much epistolary matter:

"My Dear Ma—I am very well so is bob all our tin is gone, a cake would not be unexceptable we dont get enough to eat dear Ma indeed. Love to Pa and Nero who I hope is looked after.—Your dutiful and affectionate son, Jemmy."

We always accomplished that "dutiful and affectionate" without mistake, on account of our having to send off a "holiday letter" at the conclusion of every half-year, which ended with those adjectives. Doctor Whackem himself set the copy of this for the whole school, and looked over our shoulders with painful frequency during the epistolary process. What a number of fine sheets, with lines so carefully ruled for us, did we spoil with blots and errors; and what a hypocritical piece of composition it was when all was done, and how it smelled of india-rubber where they had tried to erase the pencil-marks!

"My dear Papa and Mama—I am very well and happy here, for Minerva Hall is indeed a home to us; but I shall of course be very delighted to see you again. This is to inform you that the holidays begin upon the Friday after next, when Dr. Whackem will give out the prizes in the school-room at half-past one, D. V. The Earl of Reddiforaniman has consented, with his usual urbanity, to take the chair. I hope I shall please you, my dear parents, by getting a prize. Dr. and Mrs. Whackem desire me to give you their kind compliments; and believe me to be your dutiful and affectionate son, James Goodchild."

It was a pleasure to write even such an epistle as that in those times, because of the holidays it heralded.

Then the Letters we *received* at school, how unexceptionably welcome they were to us, especially if they weighed somewhat heavier than usual, and cunningly and safely imbedded in the sealing-wax there was found the desired half-sovereign; or if they conveyed tidings of "a parcel"—expression delightful in its very vagueness—already despatched to "my dearest Jemmy" by the carrier, the contents of which were to be equally divided with our brother Bob. Alas! what memories the sight of one of those letters would awaken now; what regrets! what tears! We sometimes grudged poor Bob that equal share of his; we were glad when there were pots of gooseberry-jam sent—Bob didn't like the gooseberries—and on all occasions drove too hard a bargain with him, he being the youngest. He never grew to manhood and to "Robert," but lived and died; and will be ever known among the rest of us—who are thinning by this time sadly—as our boy-brother, "Bob." There were no such associations about those school-letters then.

In our adolescence, letter-writing was even a blyther matter still. There was then never any necessity compelling us to it. Out of the abundance of our heart, the pen indited. Our honest thoughts, fresher far than afterwards—and not less true, perhaps, though somewhat crude—flowed from us without effort and without fear. What aspirations had we at that epoch, which—to our present shame, be it confessed—our cheeks would burn with self-contempt to hear now uttered by the friend to whom we wrote them; and he again had the like radiant visions, and laid before our sympathizing eyes his own fond dreams of life. What vigor, what elasticity, what overflow of genial humor one must have then possessed to have filled whole pages *gratis!* Now, unless compelled by direst need, we never catch ourselves leaning over foolscap, except for a consideration.

Love-letters—what a splendid occupation the writing of those was wont to be! How pleasant to issue from our mental mint a thousand honeyed synonyms for the Beloved Object! How we lingered over each soft expression, toying with it tenderly as though it were itself the half-angelic being to whom it was addressed!

She is sixteen stone by this time, and her (second) husband's name is Potts, a drysalter; but that dread future was, in mercy, unrevealed to us at one-and-twenty.

Jones was in love with her also; and I have got one or two of his letters now, which the dear girl let me have at that time, in the strictest confidence.

What an unsuspecting, generous, impulsive, affectionate young fellow he must have been! (I hope Jones has not got any of mine, composed about the same epoch.) Wizened, bloodless, grasping little money-seeker that he is, how *could* he have ever concocted such epistles! I can't fancy him inditing anything beyond "Received yours of the 24th instant," and "I am, gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant"; by which he means their commercial rival, and most uncompromising foe.

I wonder whether it would be possible for a man to write a *bona fide* love-letter to a wife; I mean, of course, to his own wife, for in the case of another's (we have heard) the thing is practicable, and even easy enough. One couldn't have the face to call her an angel, although one might wish her in heaven; and as to her being addressed as a fairy—think of Belinda Potts, and a fairy of sixteen stone! The handwriting of dearest Belinda resembled a slanting shower of summer-rain; and when it was crossed, as it very often was, by another slanting shower, it was rather difficult to decipher. I think, however, that only enhanced the interest of her delicious meaning, which came out, when it did come, all the fresher, like a flower from the mist. I could detect her long-looked-for communications by more than one organ of sense before they left the postman's hand; their envelopes being pink, and redolent of patchouli. That was how I discovered that Belinda was corresponding with young Hitchins, as well as with myself and Jones. Hitchins was her first husband, and ran away with her from her paternal roof. I should like to see any unassisted individual attempting to run away with the present Mrs. Potts.

When Cupid has once departed, taking with him the golden pen and the red (heart's blood) ink, there is no more joy in Letters. They henceforth become a matter of business only and of compulsion. We strive to trick the post-office by making a single stamp do double duty, and, on the other hand, grudge bitterly having to pay the least over-weight in the communications of our friends.

In our married and settled condition the postman becomes to us a daily nuisance. He brings earnest manuscripts from our wife's brother, who is in want of a hundred and fifty pounds for a special purpose, after which, he says, he will be an honor to the family; affectionate notes from our mother-in-law, who is looking forward to spending three or four months with her dearest Jemima, and her James, who seems like her very own blood; circulars from charitable societies, who "make no apology for appealing to our sense of Christian duty" (there are no such satirists as your philanthropic people). Worst of all—because reminding us in the cruelest possible manner of the genial past—college bills for wine, cigars, or other vanity we had fondly deemed to have been paid for years ago.

Then, as we grow to be more and more of a *paterfamilias*, more and more bills; we groan in spirit as our delighted daughters hasten at that dread "rat-tat" (rustling those expensive morning-dresses of theirs) to open the letter-box. What contents they bring us, to spoil our matutinal meal, and to impair a digestion which is already in the most artificial state imaginable!

Here they are. Bill, Bill, Business, Circular (social), Circular (religious), Death (Poor Smith gone; our own age, too, within six months or so, and similar habit of body; horrible!), Bill, Bill ("I wish Jemima," tossing it over to the wife of our bosom, "you would dress the girls more like young people of moderate means, and less like balloons; I won't pay for such foolery, that's flat"), Mother-in-law (Here's your mother coming *again*; let *her* pay for them"), Business, Brother-in-law, Bills.

Alas, this laughing mask of ours conceals a sad countenance. The satirist of our own day who calls old letters the best satires in the world speaks a frightful truth. Unlock the old chest full of them, the old drawer, or the old desk, and cast your eye over the yellow rubbish it contains. Open the worn covers, superscribed in the forgotten handwritings, and read the once welcome words spoken by hearts that have long been changed: your mistress's, "she that married the nabob, and for whom you now care no more than for Queen Elizabeth"; or your beloved sister's—ah, "how you clung to one another until you quarrelled about the twenty-pound legacy!" This humor of the modern humorist is terribly grim!

A genius, of our own day likewise, but of a very different kind, has written something worthier than this upon the subject of Old Letters—"of those fallen leaves which keep their green (he calls them), the noble letters of the dead." He shows himself sitting alone in his chamber at late eve, when the rest of the house have retired, and when, without, "the white kine glimmer, and the trees lay their dark arms about the field," reading aloud the old letters of his dear friend: when, strangely on the silence broke the silent-speaking words, and strange was Love's dumb cry, defying Change to test his worth; and strangely spoke the faith, the vigor, bold to dwell on doubts that drive the coward back, and keen, though wordy snares, to track Suggestion to her inmost cell; and word by word, and line by line, the dead man touched him from the past, and flashed his living soul on his—— Thus he held awful converse, till the doubtful dusk revealed the knolls once more, where, couched at ease, the white kine glimmered, and the trees laid their dark arms about the field: till, sucked from out the distant gloom, a breeze began to tremble o'er the large leaves of the sycamore, and fluctuate all the still perfume; and gathering freshlier overhead, rocked the full foliaged elms, and swung the heavy-folded rose, and flung the lilies to and fro, and said, "the dawn, the dawn," and died away; and East and West, without a breath, mixed their dim lights like Life and Death, to broaden into boundless day.—*Chambers's Journal.*

HOW THE CABLE WAS RECEIVED UNDER WATER.

A school of mackerel got dismissed
To ponder this new study:
The alewives paused amid their drink
And thought their heads were muddy;
The lobsters turned, in sudden fears,
As red as when they're boiled;
The whales shed spermaceti tears
Till all the sea was oiled.

The frightened soles together came
In one substantial body;
Each cod looked bluer than blue pills,
Or Warren's Pillicoddy;
The great sea serpent wondering asked,
"What's all this stir and coil?"
The eels a giant brother knew,
And stopped to see him broil.

The blackfish turned a little pale
(As big as a ship's jolly boat),
And trembled all, from head to tail,
The melancholy halibut;
The oysters got up from their beds,
With rather sleepy faces;
The plaices flapped their startled fins,
And went to other places.

But when the first brief message went
Through the wide watery bounds,
To dumfish straightway were transformed
The ocean's tongues and sounds,
Till (while old hunkers of the deep
Were wondering and gulping)
Young swordfish sent by telegraph
A challenge to young sculping.

And when they understood the thing,
The watery fun grew better,
The seals desired to stamp themselves
On every passing letter;
The grave white bears came swimming down
To inquire for Dr. Kane,
While the frightened herrings only asked,
What tidings from the Seine?

T. W. Higginson.

POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.

Until the millennial period, when the nations of the earth shall all become as one, or until our fast democracy shall have annexed to this Union every other part of the globe, there can be no possibility of learning accurately the number of human beings in existence at any particular time. The population of the earth has been, and always must be, a matter of conjecture. But the well-reasoned conjecture of a careful and conscientious student is entitled to almost as much faith as many statistical documents; for, in these latter, we much fear that wild guesses are as often employed as official and accurate data.

A distinguished professor of the University of Berlin, Herr Dietrich, has lately addressed a paper to the Academy of Sciences of that city, in regard to the world's population, and it is generally agreed that it is the most carefully prepared and most reliable work that has yet appeared on this interesting subject. After some detailed estimates in regard to the five great divisions of the world, he arrives at the conclusion that its present population is about *twelve hundred and eighty-three millions*. He estimates the population of Europe at 272,000,000, although the geographies only make it about 258,000,000. But he gives reasons that appear to be sound for his increased figures. According to a calculation made in the year 1787, by order of Louis XVI., of France, the population of Europe was about 150,000,000, and in 1805 it was estimated at a little under 200,000,000. Since the latter date, if Herr Dietrich's calculation is correct, the population of Europe has increased at an average rate of considerably more than a million a year.

In reference to Asia, there are tolerably reliable data for China, India and the island of the Indian Archipelago. For Japan, Tartary, Persia, Affghanistan, Arabia, and other countries, it is necessary to trust to conjectures; but 720,000,000 is believed to be as nearly correct as can be ascertained. To the whole of the American continent, north and south, Herr Dietrich allows 200,000,000, which is quite liberal and generally above most estimates. Australia and the adjacent islands he estimates to have a population of about 2,000,000. Africa has been the most troublesome division of the globe to the Prussian statistician; for, except in some of the European colonies, there have been no enumerations made of the inhabitants. He, however, arrives, by some means, at the conclusion that Africa has about 89,000,000 inhabitants. The whole estimated population of the earth, then, may be stated as follows:

Population of Europe	272,000,000
" Asia	720,000,000
" America	200,000,000
" Africa	89,000,000
" Australia, &c.	2,000,000
Total population of the globe	1,283,000,000

A few millions more or less can make little difference in a calculation of such enormous magnitude as this. In round numbers, it may be said that the world has between twelve hundred and thirteen hundred millions of inhabitants, and it is calculated that by the end of this century this will have increased to the enormous figure of two thousand millions. This is such a vast number that its comprehension is almost impossible. Imagine the population of three thousand cities as large as Philadelphia, and we may form some idea of the multitude.

Think, if possible, of the mortality among this great human family. The average number of deaths per annum, in certain places where records are kept, is about one to every forty inhabitants. Supposing that the earth has, as Herr Dietrich estimates, 1,283,000,000 inhabitants at the present time, the number of deaths in a year would be about 32,000,000, which is more than the entire present population of the United States. At this rate the average number of deaths per day is about 87,671; the average per hour about 3,653; the average per minute about 61! Thus at least every second a human life is ended. As the births considerably exceed the deaths, there are probably seventy or eighty human beings born per minute. These continual changes make no sensible impression on the surface of a society so divided and so dispersed. But this coming down to minutiæ, in estimates of birth and death, cannot fail to present an awful picture to a contemplative mind.

RECREATIVE SOCIETIES.

It is now generally acknowledged, that in any wise scheme of education, whether for nations or individuals, amusement must have its appointed place. It is what sunshine is to outward nature. Without it the mind is apt to become sickly and morbid; and much of the peculiar bitterness of religious fanaticism may doubtless be traced to the absence of its genial influence